



Nath White

IN MEMORY  
OF  
NATHANIEL WHITE:

Born  
IN LANCASTER, N. H., FEB. 7, 1811;

Died  
IN CONCORD, N. H., OCT. 2, 1880.

*"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
\* \* \* He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."*

---

CONCORD, N. H.:  
PRINTED BY THE REPUBLICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.  
1881.

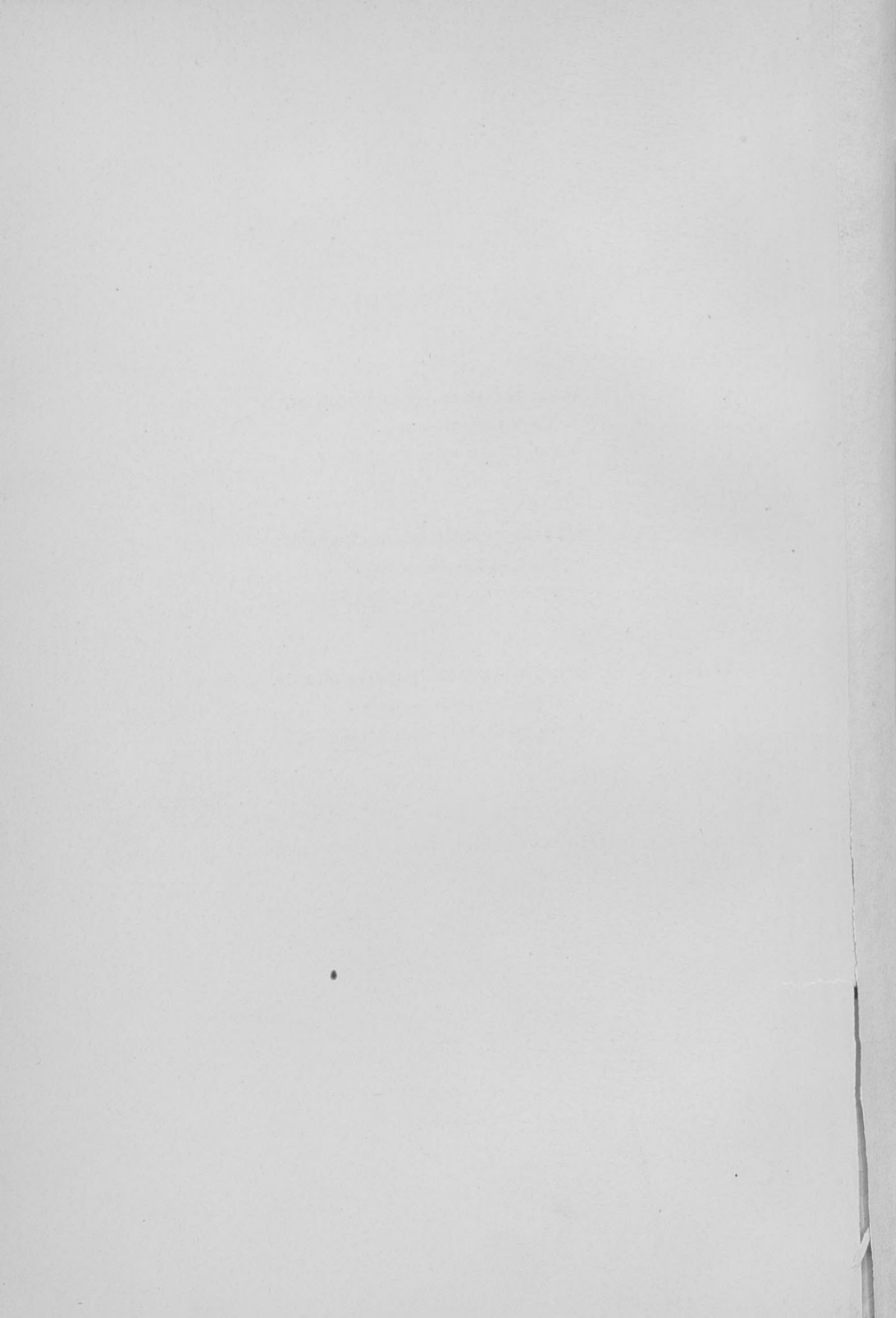


Gone before us, O our brother,  
To the spirit-land !  
Vainly look we for another  
In thy place to stand.

Oh ! thy gentle smile of greeting,  
Who again shall see ?  
Who amidst the solemn meeting  
Gaze again on thee ?

Who, when peril gathers o'er us,  
Wear so calm a brow ?  
Who, with evil men before us,  
So serene as thou ?

J. G. WHITTIER.

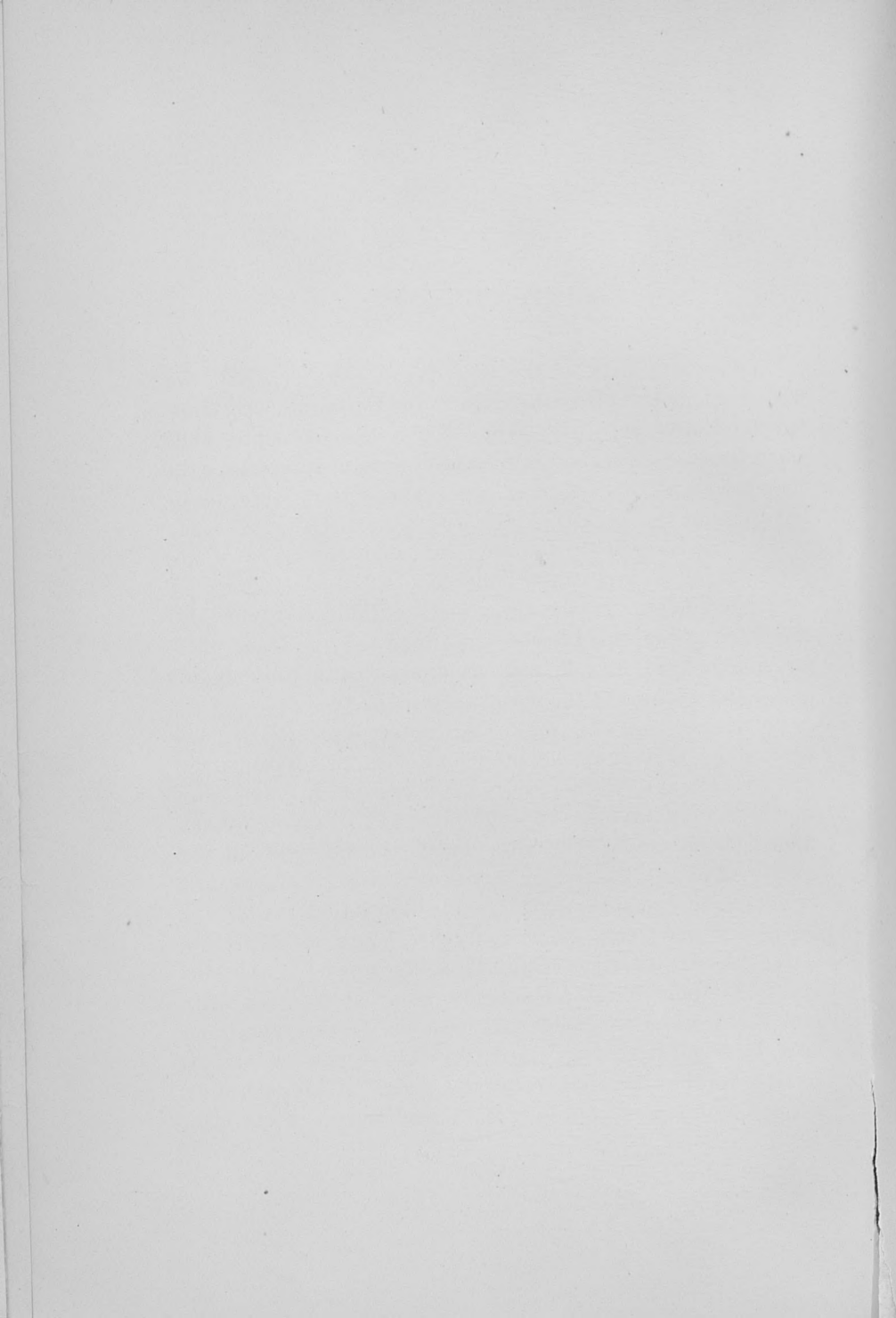


## TO MY CHILDREN,

With loving and tender memories, and with confiding trust and fond hope, this memorial of their sainted father is most affectionately dedicated. May they strive to emulate his virtues, and duly appreciate the rare inheritance he has left them, in the example of his tireless industry, his energy and perseverance, his sobriety and moral courage, his kindness and benevolence, his *practical* regard for justice, truth, honesty, and all righteous living, and his quiet and peaceful presence.

And to kind friends and acquaintances, I present this memorial tribute of love and esteem for him who was the good, trusting, and faithful husband, the loving and indulgent father, the kind and devoted son and brother, the true and constant friend, who has gone before, lighting our passage from earth to heaven, where he awaits our coming.

A. S. WHITE.



On the afternoon of the first day of October, 1880, the writer, as about to take the train at the Concord depot, chatted familiarly with Mr. White for a few moments, and, aside from a somewhat tired look consequent upon a cold from which he was suffering, there was nothing unusual in his appearance, or that in any way indicated the sad event which was so soon to follow; and when the news of his death, which occurred a few hours before, was communicated by the conductor of the train on the following morning, the intelligence could scarcely be credited; and not until a visit was made to the afflicted family was the full significance and sadness of the occurrence realized.

For many years Mr. White had suffered severely from a catarrhal condition of the head and chest, accompanied by a severe cough, and there were good reasons for supposing that he sometimes felt as though he might be suddenly summoned from earth; but after his California trip, in the month of April, he seemed physically much stronger, and remarked to a member of his family that he felt as though he had a new lease of probably five years more of life. After his return from California, he repaired with his family to their delightful summer home at Sunapee lake, and there, amid the quiet and beauties of that charming spot, he seemed to enjoy life to its fullest possible extent. Sitting, for hours together, on the piazza of his charming cottage, and looking out over the placid waters of the lake,



he drank in the delights of the scenery, and never seemed to tire of the prospect. Removed from the turmoil and strife of business, the peaceful surroundings and the calm of the beautiful waters of Sunapee seemed to lull him into a peculiarly appreciative and cheerful frame of mind, and to banish from his thoughts all the cares and perplexities of the outside world. Those of us who were privileged to see him during those months, as he quietly directed improvements in the grounds about his summer home, or drove the family and friends over the picturesque roads on the borders of the lake, or passed the heated afternoon hours in his favorite seat on the piazza, were quite unprepared to believe that he was so soon to be removed from the scenes he loved so well. But it had been otherwise ordered, and, after a life of nearly three score years and ten, devoted largely to the welfare of his fellow-men, ripened by age and mellowed by good deeds, the summons came, suddenly and unexpectedly; and those about him were led to realize the force of the lines,—

“Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.”

Mr. White's death occurred at his farm, and was very sudden and comparatively painless. He retired in his ordinary health, except a slight cold, slept quietly, and in the morning talked with his wife about some charitable matters in which they were interested. Dressing himself, he complained of a feeling of oppression at the chest, which was apparently relieved by a warm draught, when suddenly his head sank, his eyes wandered wishfully to those of his wife, and without a struggle he died. The disease against which he had so long successfully battled at length gained the

mastery, and the earthly life of one of nature's truest noble-men terminated.

It is not for me to sketch the career of Mr. White through the varying vicissitudes of a long and active life. Other friends will do that service of love. Enough that I should place upon his casket an offering of sweet and friendly remembrance, in the fewest and simplest possible words. To me Mr. White typified and illustrated, in an eminent degree, the best phases of human nature. The poor fugitive, fleeing from oppression and bondage; the victim of a cruel appetite; the sufferer from misfortune or poverty—all these found in him a friend and a helper. His was emphatically a life of *practical* Christianity,—a noble, self-sacrificing, sorrow-relieving life,—and his death brought grief to the hearts and tears to the eyes of multitudes of the poor and afflicted of earth. His loss was a calamity greater than words can express; and, as the years roll by, the name of Nathaniel White will be remembered, and his memory cherished, in the hearts of the people among whom he so long lived, when the achievements of others, more ostentatious and renowned but less humane than he, will be entirely forgotten. No better or truer illustration of his life can be found than in the words of Pope:

“For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.  
In faith and hope the world will disagree;  
But all mankind's concern is charity.  
All must be false that thwarts this one great end;  
And all of God that bless mankind or mend.”

A good citizen, an affectionate husband, a loving father, a sympathetic friend, a true man, in the death of Mr. White

the entire community sustained a loss; and hearts all over the land mourned because of the removal from earth of a man whose highest ambition was to do good, and to ameliorate the sorrows of others. Let us hope that the influence of his example, and the noble aims and heroic achievements of his life, may lead others to a better appreciation of earth's duties, and to a more complete realization of the claims and kinship of humanity.

J. H. GALLINGER.

## INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

---

*My Dear Mrs. White :*

I can hardly hope to find language with which to make suitable return for the confidence and warm friendship which you show me in allowing me to write an introduction to a memorial of your husband ; and still it is not perhaps inappropriate that I should do so. I knew Mr. White in early manhood and in mature age. He was my neighbor and friend for thirty years, up to the time he bade adieu to us all and stepped upon the threshold of immortality. I knew your father and mother long and well, and how they filled up the measure of their days with usefulness. You and Mr. White knew my father and mother long and well ; and our parents were neighbors for many years, and friends while life lasted. You and I attended the district school together, and pursued the same studies.

I remember Mr. White even before you became acquainted with him. I can see him now as in the early morn in the dim light before the dawn of day he drove up over the frozen hills of Boscawen, through the drifting snows, buffeting the bleak winds, and standing erect upon the footboard of his sleigh, with his six frost-covered steeds well in hand. I remember him as in the late afternoon or early evening he went dashing down those fearfully steep hills, called the "Choate and Gerrish hills," with his Concord "coach and six" loaded down with sixteen and eighteen passengers,

and no brake to resist the fearful pressure upon a single pair of wheel-horses. I remember him as when a lad I stood in the cold winter's morning in the trackless driving snow by the roadside, and received from his hand "*The New Hampshire Patriot and State Gazette*," the custom of those days being to distribute the papers on the line of stage routes by the hand of the driver. To us, the weekly paper was the chief literature of the time; and if we did not get them in regular weekly instalments our disappointment was most severe. He then had the same quiet, reserved manners that marked the man all through his long, busy, and useful life. There was no noise, no brag, no bluster, no profanity, no tobacco, no rum! He was mild in speech, pleasant in address, gentle in conduct, quiet in action, diligent in business, constant in season and out, and faithful to all his trusts; and everything he did came fully up to the measure of his responsibility.

But these were the days of small things, and yet not to be despised. These were the qualities that made up the man and gave him success. All who knew Mr. White will recognize this as true to life. He was a man of few words and many deeds, patient to listen and prompt to act:

"His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

The wealth he possessed, and which he distributed with such a generous hand, came from no ancestral estates. He made his wealth and he made himself, and he was emphatically "the architect of his own fortune." He honored his father and his mother, and his days were lengthened in the land; and had he lived till the 17th day of February, 1881,

he would have filled up the number of days which the Psalmist has assigned to manly life. His example, in youth, in manhood, and in mature age, is a valuable legacy to the young man who shall try to imitate it.

To his wife and children he has left a memory as fragrant as devotion, tenderness, and love could make; and in the hearts of his other kindred he has planted a grateful remembrance which will find a habitation there as long as their lives shall last.

The beauty, gentleness, and sweetness of his domestic life were only fully appreciated by those who often saw him at home in the bosom of his family, and partook of his genial and generous hospitality.

“ Wife, children, and neighbor may mourn at his knell;  
He was lover and friend of his country as well.”

It will not be out of place to insert here the language of a learned and gifted gentleman who knew Mr. White, having formed an acquaintance with him before the days of railroads, while he was driving on his route between Concord and Hanover. I refer to Prof. Edwin D. Sanborn, of Dartmouth college, who used frequently to ride on the outside of the coach with Mr. White. The following sketch was published in the Lebanon “*Free Press*” in 1859, and was part of an article entitled “Good Habits the best Capital of the Young:”

“ I know a gentleman, now residing at the capital of New Hampshire, who, at the early age of fourteen, left the paternal roof to become a clerk in a store. Thirty years ago every store was a grog-shop. From that business he entered a hotel in a large town, where liquor was also sold. The inference would be, with most persons, that such positions were very

unfavorable to temperate habits. Ruin is almost inevitable to a young man thus exposed and tempted. In the case alluded to, the lad served his apprenticeship, and saved both his money and character. He never, in a single instance, tasted liquor, or used tobacco, or handled cards or dice. He passed from the hotel to the stageman's box. He drove a coach from Concord to Hanover for ten years, I think. Before the building of railroads this was one of the most exposed routes in the state. The day's journey was long, the roads were bad, and the cold was often intense. It was the common practice of stagemen to fortify themselves against the cold by large and frequent potations. They soon lost health and character. They were a short-lived race, because of their intemperance. But the subject of my story was true to his principles. In cold and heat he abstained. He resisted all solicitations, and offended nobody. He was trusted by all, suspected by none. He was universally popular, always intelligent. He was both a good companion and an honest agent. He never forgot a commission, never violated a trust. He saved his wages, and supported his parents, who needed his aid. Multitudes who had occasion to travel that weary road, still remember with gratitude the pleasant speech, agreeable deportment, and excellent habits of this accomplished stageman. When the railroad took the place of the old mail-coaches, the trusted and confidential agent and owner of "the old line" was employed upon the new mode of locomotion. He soon entered into the express business, which has been constantly increasing in extent of space and in quantity of packages from the first journey of the iron horse till this hour. The honest stageman became the confidential agent of thousands who had messages or property to be conveyed over the road. With the increase of business came increase of wealth. He was no lover of lucre. Though born in humble circumstances, and trained to habits of rigid economy, he had an eye for improvements and a heart for practical beneficence. He acquired property easily, and he gave liberally. Aged parents and needy relatives shared his liberality. He cared for the friends who were bound to him by the ties of blood first, and then for such acquaintances as needed his ready aid. From the penniless boy without education, he has become a thrifty man of business, bestowing every year thousands of his hard-earned treasures upon objects of charity of his own choice. How valuable is a character thus formed and matured. Through all his varied life he has never tasted ardent spirits, or used tobacco in any form. He ascribes all his success in life to his early determination to be

both temperate and honest. Such an example deserves commendation and imitation. The sketch I have given will be easily interpreted. The subject of it is known and honored."

These lines were written in 1859; and more than a score of years of usefulness, of duties, of benevolence, of affection, and of honor have since filled up and rounded off a life into the completeness of manhood. When he was removed from earth, death claimed a dutiful son, a tender and loving husband, an affectionate father, a devoted brother, and a constant friend.

Since I came to this city, death has been constantly busy in our midst. None of us who have lived here these thirty years but have witnessed its ravages, snatching from many of us our dearest treasures. He has gathered to himself many of the gifted and the good, whose memories are still fragrant; but the sincere tributes to the memory of Nathaniel White have never been equalled—I fear never will be. No person in New Hampshire has ever had the happy combination of means and disposition to bestow such noble charities as he. I feel myself privileged, after forty years of constant friendship, to unite my tears of sorrow and sympathy with those of his bereaved family and afflicted friends, and to lay a laurel upon the freshly made grave which covers one of earth's true noblemen.

How well he filled up all the days of his years with love for and duty to his family, his kindred, and his friends; to the poor, to the downtrodden, to the slave, and to all the unfortunate of earth! He claimed no right or privilege for himself, in the wide domain of nature, that he did not want others to enjoy. Hence he insisted always that the nation should immediately strike the shackles from the slave, and let the oppressed go free. Never himself under the thral-



dom of rum or tobacco, he wished everybody else to be free from it. He exercised the largest liberty himself, and enjoyed perfect freedom of thought and action in religious, political, and other matters; and he desired every man and woman to do the same. Hence, when he arranged his worldly matters, he gave the ownership and sole control of his business affairs into the hands of his wife, with whom he had walked life's journey, thereby giving signal proof of his sincerity that the wife is the equal of the husband in the sight of God, and should be in the love, esteem, and regard of man. He often said that the wife, in the event of the husband's death, should maintain the same rights and the same relation to the family that the husband would if the wife were taken away. In his will he made her responsible to no court or other tribunal. She was only required to make proof of his will, in order that the ownership of all his property should vest in her. In all this he recognized the rights of womanhood as well as the rights of manhood. In this way he gave proof of his belief that the twain, man and wife, are one flesh.

The Centennial Home for the Aged was the apple of his eye; and yet he made no large bequests to it himself, having perfect assurance that the wife, who had borne life's burdens with him, and shared his devotion to this noble benevolence, would be equally the author of her own charities and the almoner of his.

In the *Granite Monthly* for November, 1880, appears an interesting biographical sketch of Mr. White, from the pen of J. N. McClintock. From this it appears that he came to Concord when only fifteen years of age; and at the age of twenty-one, so firmly had he fixed a good reputation, that the late Major Ephraim Hutchins was anxious to dispose of

a large interest of his staging to him between Concord and Hanover, because, he said, with Mr. White as an owner and driver the business would be a success, and he should be absolutely certain of his share of the earnings. And so, as a business man and a citizen, his reputation ripened by integrity. It was beautified by sincere sympathy for the poor and the downtrodden; it was embellished by his generous charities; and it was endeared by his gentle and winning manners. When his final summons came, he had filled out a life of rare usefulness and of singular success.

• Mr. White was fifty-four years a resident of Concord. In everything that made for her welfare he was always the foremost citizen. Many others did nobly; but he exceeded them all. In a single matter that vitally affected the city of Concord,\* in which the writer was engaged and in which liberal expenditures were needed, he contributed more than all the others combined; and I make mention of this because the people of Concord should know of his liberality, about which he rarely ever spoke and never boasted.

In all his aspirations to make himself an honorable name, and to do good to his kindred, his friends, his country, and his race, Mr. White was most fortunate and happy in that he had the early suggestion, the prompt encouragement, the ready coöperation, and the ardent sympathy of her who for nearly half a century kept his home constantly blooming with the sweet-scented flowers of affection.

Farewell, noble spirit!

“Thou’rt buried in light:  
God speed unto heaven, lost star of our night!”

---

\* The retention of the state-house.

18 IN MEMORY OF NATHANIEL WHITE.

We dismiss thee, not to the tomb of forgetfulness and death,  
but to a blessed memory, an unclouded fame, and to a limitless life.

H. P. ROLFE.

[From the Granite Monthly.]

## HON. NATHANIEL WHITE.

---

BY J. N. McCLINTOCK.

---

One of the hardy pioneers of New England was William White. Born in Norfolk county, England, in 1610, he was early surrounded by the influence and teachings of the Puritans; for we find him embarking from the mother country, at the age of twenty-five, to brave the dangers and overcome the obstacles of a rude, unsettled wilderness, in the pursuit of religious freedom and civil liberty. Behind, he left his native land under the tyrannical rule of Charles I, the sturdy yeoman in almost feudal vassalage, the country on the eve of a terrible contest. In 1635 he landed at Ipswich, Mass., and took up his residence in Newbury. A new country, a great continent, unreclaimed, lay before him. His deeds, and those of his companions, can be traced in many a fair field, fruitful orchard, row of shade-trees, the church, the school, the town-meeting, the idea of liberty so dear to every American—the New England, the United States of to-day. From him, in direct line, Nathaniel White could trace his descent.

2. John White, the only son of William White, was born soon after his parents arrived in this country. He died in Haverhill, Mass., June 1, 1668.

3. John White, second, the only son of John White, was born March 8, 1664; lived in Haverhill, Mass.; died Novem-

ber 20, 1727. His daughter was the mother of Gen. Moses Hazen and Capt. John Hazen.

4. Nicholas White, son of John White, second, was born Dec. 4, 1698. In 1722 he married Hannah Ayer. Their children were,—Hannah, who married Samuel Blodgett, and settled in Goffstown; Noah; Abigail, born in 1730, died in 1750; Ebenezer, born in 1731, settled in Newbury, Vt. After the death of his first wife, Hannah, Nicholas White married Mary Calf. Their children were,—Joseph, born in 1734, who went to Canada during the Revolution; Mary, born in 1736, married Jacob Kent, of Newbury, Vt.; Lydia, born in 1738, married Benjamin Hale, of Atkinson; William, born in 1739, died in Plaistow, leaving three children; John, born in 1741, lived in Plaistow; Samuel, who died in infancy; Elizabeth, born in 1746, married Timothy Ayer, of Bradford, Vt.; Martha, born in 1748, married Joseph Dodge, of Haverhill, Mass.; Samuel, born in 1750, married, and settled in Newbury, Vt.; Abigail, born in 1757, married James Davis, of Haverhill, Mass. Nicholas White was the father of fourteen children, and, living to a ripe old age, died October 7, 1782.

5. Noah White, son of Nicholas and Hannah (Ayer) White, was born February 15, 1728; married Sarah Sweatt, and settled in Coös. Their children were,—Nathaniel; James, born May 26, 1754; Abigail, born August 18, 1756; Nicholas, born May 22, 1759; Sarah, born September 5, 1761; Anna, born October 30, 1764; John Sweatt, born January 1, 1768; Hannah, born December 30, 1772; William, born May 15, 1777. Noah White died March 20, 1788.

6. Nathaniel White, eldest son of Noah and Sarah (Sweatt) White, was born April 10, 1752. By his first wife, Betty, he had three children,—Betty, born July 23, 1777; Eunice,

born August 25, 1778; David, born November 28, 1779. After the decease of Betty White, he married Rebeckah Foord. Their children were,—Polly, born June 15, 1782; Abigail, born May 21, 1785; Samuel. Nathaniel White settled in Lancaster about 1790, and died there April 28, 1809. During his life Nathaniel White won for himself a host of friends, who sincerely lamented his loss.

“The poor and the afflicted lost in him one of their best friends, the town one of its most public-spirited inhabitants, and the school-district one of its most able and generous supporters. Property with him was used to alleviate the wants of the poor, and disseminate learning by the public schools. He was the best of husbands, the kindest and most provident of fathers, the tenderest and most faithful of friends. His loss seemed irreparable.”\*

He was a Revolutionary officer, and his widow received a pension.

7. Samuel White,† youngest child of Nathaniel and Rebeckah (Foord) White, was born in Bradford, Vt., September 14, 1787; removed to Lancaster with his father in boyhood; married Sarah Freeman, April 2, 1810, and settled in Lancaster. Their children were,—Nathaniel; Selden F., born April 16, 1812; Samuel L.,‡ born April 21, 1814; Harriet L. (White) Chapin,‡ widow of Hon. John P. Chapin, one of the former mayors of Chicago, born September 27, 1815; James F.,‡ born October 16, 1817; Charles, born September 30, 1821, died in infancy; William G.,‡ born April 15, 1823; Charles H., born March 10, 1826; John E.,‡

---

\* *Dartmouth Gazette*, May 17, 1809.

† I am indebted to the researches of Samuel White for information regarding the genealogy of the White family.

‡ Living.

born March 12, 1828. Samuel White died in Concord, June 4, 1854. Sarah (Freeman) White died in Concord, December 30, 1857.

8. NATHANIEL WHITE, oldest child of Samuel and Sarah (Freeman) White, was born in Lancaster, February 7, 1811. His childhood was passed under a tender mother's care; and to her strict religious training was Nathaniel White indebted for his noble character, which led him untainted amid the temptations of youth, and unspotted through a long career of usefulness. At home were those principles of integrity, honesty, temperance, philanthropy, and generosity inculcated which led to a long life rounded by Christian virtues, adorned by humanitarian graces, and free from vices.

At the age of fourteen years he went into the employ of a merchant in Lunenburg, Vt., with whom he remained about one year, when he accepted employment with Gen. John Wilson, of Lancaster, who was just entering upon his duties as landlord of the Columbian hotel in Concord. His parents the more readily consented to his taking this step on account of the many noble qualities of Mrs. Wilson. To her care he was entrusted by his solicitous mother. In the employ of Gen. Wilson, Nathaniel White commenced life in Concord at the foot of the ladder. He arrived in Concord, August 25, 1826, with one shilling in his pocket. For five years, or until he came of age, he continued at the Columbian, rendering a strict account of his wages to his father, and saving the dimes and quarters which came as perquisites, until by his twenty-first birthday he had a fund of two hundred and fifty dollars.

This may be understood, from the fact that he commenced life with certain virtues and with no vices. He was prudent, economical, temperate. He never used intoxicating drinks

as a beverage, nor tobacco in any form; nor did he gamble or bet with dice or cards. Business success he preferred to pleasure; and to his work he carried enterprise, energy, and will.

In 1832 he made his first business venture, negotiating the first and last business loan of his life, and purchased a part interest in the stage route between Concord and Hanover, occupying the "box" himself for a few years. In one year he was free from debt. Soon after, he bought into the stage route between Concord and Lowell. In 1838, in company with Capt. William Walker, he initiated the express business, making three trips weekly to Boston, and personally attending to the delivery of packages, goods, or money, and other business entrusted to him. He was ever punctual: he never forgot. In 1842, upon the opening of the Concord Railroad, he was one of the original partners of the express company which was then organized to deliver goods throughout New Hampshire and Canada. The company, under various names, has continued in successful operation to the present day; and to Nathaniel White's business capacity has it been greatly indebted for its remarkable financial success.

In 1846 Mr. White purchased his farm, and has cultivated it since that date. It lies in the south-western section of the city, two miles from the State House, and embraces over four hundred acres of land.

For his adopted home he ever felt and evinced a strong attachment; and to him Concord owes much of her material prosperity and outward adornment. Beautiful structures have been raised through his instrumentality, which render the Capitol and the State-House park such attractive features of the city.



In 1852 he made his first step in political life, being chosen by the Whigs and Free-Soilers to represent Concord in the state legislature. He was an Abolitionist from the start; a member of the Anti-Slavery society from its inception. His hospitable home was the refuge of many a hunted slave, a veritable station on the under-ground railroad, where welcome, care, food, and money were freely bestowed, and the refugees were sent on their way rejoicing. The attic of his house and the haymows in his stable were the havens of rest for the persecuted black men.

In all works of charity and philanthropy Mr. White was foremost or prominent. He was deeply interested in the establishment of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane and the State Reform School; in the Orphan's Home, at Franklin, which he liberally endowed; and the Home for the Aged, in Concord, which was his special care.

The Reform Club of Concord, though not an eleemosynary institution, received substantial benefits from his generosity; and to him, in a great measure, it owed its very existence, during the reaction which followed the first enthusiasm.

Besides his extensive interest in the express company, his farm—which is one of the most highly cultivated in the state—his charming summer retreat on the borders of Lake Sunapee, and his real estate in Concord, he was interested in real estate in Chicago, in hotel property in the mountain districts, in railroad corporations, in banks, in manufacturing establishments, and in shipping. He was a director in the Manchester & Lawrence, the Franconia & Profile House, and the Mount Washington railroads, and in the National State Capital Bank; a trustee of the Loan and Trust Savings Bank, of Concord; also of the Reform School,

Home for the Aged, and Orphans' Home, and of other private and public trusts.

In 1875 Nathaniel White was the candidate, for governor, of the Prohibition party; and he had a vast number of friends in the Republican party, with which he was most closely identified, who wished to secure his nomination for the highest honor within the gift of a state by the Republican party. In 1876 he was sent as a delegate to the Cincinnati Convention, which nominated Mr. Hayes for president, and cast every ballot for the gentleman of his choice. During the summer of 1880, he was placed by his party at the head of the list of candidates for presidential electors.

With all these honors thrust upon him, Nathaniel White was not a politician, although firm in his own political convictions. The office sought the man, not the man the office.

Nathaniel White was blessed in his marriage relations. His history is incomplete without a narration of the perfect union, complete confidence, and mutual trust and assistance between him and his wife, during a married life of nearly half a century. Nov. 1, 1836, he was married, by Rev. Robert Bartlett, of Laconia, to Armenia S., daughter of John Aldrich, of Boscawen, who survives him. Mrs. Armenia S. White is of good old Quaker stock, descending in the sixth generation from Moses Aldrich, a Quaker preacher who emigrated to this country in the seventeenth century, and settled in Rhode Island; and on the maternal side, from Edward Dotey, a Pilgrim who landed in the Mayflower. She was born November 1, 1817, in Mendon, Mass., her parents removing from Rhode Island at the time of their marriage. In 1830 she went with her parents to Boscawen, where she lived until her marriage. Mrs. White has been her husband's companion and abettor in every good work.

Their children are,—John A. White; Armenia E., wife of Horatio Hobbs; Lizzie H. White; Nathaniel White, Jr.; Benjamin C. White, who survive. They lost two children,—Annie Frances and Seldon F.; and adopted one,—Hattie S., wife of Dr. D. P. Dearborn, of Brattleborough, Vermont.

In early life Mr. White joined the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, but his interest was soon gone. For several years he continued his connection with the society by paying his dues, without actual attendance, until at last he dropped from their ranks. He belonged to no other secret society. Anti-slavery societies, temperance societies, charitable and benevolent societies, woman suffrage and equal rights societies, and the Universalist society,—in all of these, both husband and wife were deeply and equally interested. Hand in hand they have been in every good work, save where the charities of one were unknown to the other. During the first four years of their married life, on account of Mr. White's occupation, they boarded; for eight years they lived on Warren street; since 1848, until the death of Mr. White, in their residence on School street. Here they have meted out generous and refined hospitality to the humble slave, the unfortunate, and to the most illustrious guests who have honored Concord by their visits.

Nathaniel White died Saturday, October 2, 1880, having nearly completed the allotted span of three score years and ten. He was stricken down suddenly, although, with his usual business foresight, he seems to have been prepared for the change. The family in their bereavement had the sympathy of the community and state. The sense of a great loss pervaded the city. The funeral was held in the church which owes so much to his fostering care, and was the occasion

when a great multitude bore witness to the depth of their sorrow. His remains lie in the lot in Blossom Hill cemetery, which his filial love prepared as the resting-place for his parents.

What were the traits that so endeared Nathaniel White to all who knew him, or could appreciate him? He was thoroughly good: he had a great heart. Of active sympathies—of warm feelings—he was ever ready to listen to the call of suffering, and answer it. His heart and purse were always open for worthy objects. His assistance was freely given for the furtherance of good enterprises. He was an ardent and persevering worker for reform. He was a consistent temperance advocate. He was a modest man withal, not fluent as a speaker, but listened to as an oracle. Deeds, not words, made up his life. He was blessed with good judgment and common-sense. He was practical and successful. To him a man was a brother, a woman a sister. He loved his fellow-men.

Mr. White embodied and exemplified in his life those qualities of mind and heart which distinguish what we love to call our self-made men. He was essentially progressive, courageous, and a moving force among his associates. Life was to him full of opportunities, which he had the nerve to seize and the capacity to improve; and then force of character, guided by high moral instinct and sterling honesty, made him a power in the business and social community, and won for him his high position. And it was no covetous hand that gathered up this harvest of wealth and influence and strength of resource. He gathered it and dispensed it with equal munificence. It went to help the poor, to encourage enterprise, to promote all good works, and to make the community better and happier. He made his impress

on the world about him, not by what he gained from it, but by what he gave to it; and his works live after him, and speak continually of a life that was a rich blessing, and is still a treasure to the community to which it peculiarly belongs.

## SERVICE AT THE FARM.

---

On our return from Sunapee lake, early in September, as was our custom we repaired to our farm residence for a few weeks, where, on the 2d of October, Mr. White, without a moment's warning, passed, as he had lived, gently and peacefully from the earthly to the heavenly life, a few days before we were to return to our home in town. The following evening (Sunday), his family, with the members of the household and workmen at the farm, and a few neighbors, assembled together, and short services were held by Rev. Dr. Coit, of St. Paul's School, a warm personal friend of Mr. White's. Dr. Coit's kind regard and loving tribute for the dead, and sympathetic and tender service for the living, will ever be remembered as a sweet fragrance in those first hours of my sudden and overwhelming grief.

After contemplating the publication of this volume of tributes, I invited Dr. Coit to furnish a copy of his remarks for these pages; and in response the following letter of tender sympathy and kind regard was received.

At the close of this service, with my family and the precious remains of the dear departed, we returned with sorrow-stricken hearts to the home where so many happy years have been spent, under the benignant smile, and with the trusting, confiding, and ever cheerful, loving presence, of him who has been my earthly comfort and strength.

A. S. WHITE.

*My Dear Mrs. White :*

I wish I could recall the words which sprang from my heart to my lips, when I had the little service at your farmhouse, and your good husband was lying cold and still in an adjoining room. I was most thankful to you for giving me the opportunity of saying what I felt about his life, and character, and example,—tho' it was only what I had felt, and often said, while he was still living with us, and we had the comfort and blessing of his friendship. The words I used have passed from memory, but the thought remains which was uppermost in my mind then, viz., that Mr. White exemplified St. James's definition of pure religion: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." He was certainly the friend of the friendless. I was first won to respect and love him by learning from my own experience the largeness of his sympathy and the tenderness of his heart. As time went on, we had a sort of mutual understanding in regard to cases demanding help; and his assistance was never withheld and never stinted. No oppression or sorrow under which human nature suffers, failed to call out his interest and compassion. If

"To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless,  
Is angels' work below,"

he was always doing angels' work. He was every one's friend,—not in the sense of an ordinary popularity, such as

may often be acquired by easy social manners without sacrifice of self, but because all knew his unselfish kindness ; and that the greater their need the readier he was to help them. So much for the first note of pure religion. For the second, those who knew him best, and read his daily life and conversation as one reads an open book, can best bear witness to his unstained integrity, and that he *did*, in a very high and unusual degree, keep himself “unspotted from the world.” Not that he withdrew from large and general intercourse with his fellow-men, but that in the world, in the thick of business and occupation, he was free from engrossing cares and covetous desires—was blameless in word and deed—and had a heart “at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize.” In summing up such a life, how instinctively one recurs to the familiar words of Scripture, “He hath showed thee, O man, what is good ; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.” How exquisitely appropriate are these words to Mr. White ;—and, again, how expressive and applicable to him are the verses from the Psalm, “Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness. He is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous. A good man sheweth favor, and lendeth : he will guide his affairs with discretion. Surely he shall not be moved forever ; *the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.*” It is as if the words had been written of him. Surely for such a man there is no darkness in the grave. The example he has left behind him, to his family and friends and fellow-citizens, is like a bright light shining amidst the darkness and disappointments of our earthly pilgrimage. In that mysterious life into which he has entered “there is no night” for him, for the “path of the just is as the shining



light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." If we who knew him here shall always cherish his memory, and his name will live among us, surely "The Lord is mindful of his own; He remembereth his children." It must be our consolation to know that while our friend's place can never be made good here, in a better, happier world he has a work to fulfil, where those

"Who seem to die in earth's rude strife,  
Only win double life:  
They have but left our weary ways,  
To live in memory here, in heaven by love and praise."

Forgive me, my dear Mrs. White, for this most imperfect and inadequate tribute, and believe me always

Truly and faithfully yours,

HENRY A. COIT.

## PRESS REPORT OF THE FUNERAL.

---

At 11 o'clock the remains of Mr. White were taken to the Universalist church, where an opportunity was given for all citizens who desired it to take a last look of his genial face, which has been so familiar on our streets for more than half a century. About a thousand persons availed themselves of this opportunity, in the hour and a quarter that the remains were in the church, before being taken back to his late home on School street. Among those who viewed the remains were forty-three U. S. & Canada Express employes in a body.

The casket was covered with black broadcloth, and trimmed with solid silver ornaments. It was placed directly in front of the pulpit, and around and upon it was one of the largest and most beautiful floral displays ever seen in our city. On the casket was a large wreath of Niphetos roses, lilies of the valley, Parma violets, and exotic ferns; in front of it was a sheaf of wheat and cluster of Maréchal Niel and Niphetos roses, tied with white ribbon; and behind it a flat bouquet of white roses, violets, and lilies of the valley. On a stand at the head of the casket was a cushion of rosebuds and carnations, with the words "Sweet Repose," and a monogram, "N. W.," in purple immortelles. On another stand, back of the casket, was a pillow of pink, tea, and white roses, tuberose, violets, white pinks, and ferns, with the words "Our Brother" in purple

immortelles. On a stand at the foot of the casket was an open Bible, of rosebuds and carnations, etc., with the letters "B. P. C. to N. W." on one page, and the word "Finis" on the other page, in purple immortelles.

On the pulpit platform, at one corner, was a large leaning cross, of English ivy, with a base of sprigs of ivy, on which rested a sheaf of wheat. On the opposite corner was a large leaning anchor, of English ivy, with base of tropical leaves and exotic ferns. Between the latter and the pulpit desk was a lyre with a broken string, of rosebuds, carnations, tuberoses, and exotic ferns. Between the cross and desk was a large broken column, the shaft of which was of white, tea, and salmon-colored roses, tuberoses, and white pinks, the top of purple immortelles, and base of exotic ferns. In the rear of the platform, on one side, was a large cross of white flowers and smilax; and on the other side, an express-wagon, the sides and wheels of which were made of white pinks, and the shafts, springs, &c., of smilax. On one side, in purple immortelles, were the words "Cheney & Co.," and on the other the letters "U. S. & C." The wagon was loaded with white, tea, and salmon-colored roses, violets, lilies of the valley, and other fine flowers. This was a gift from the United States & Canada Express Co. \* \* \* The lyre was sent by the directors of the National State Capital Bank, and the Bible by B. P. Cheney, the partner of the deceased for nearly forty years.

\* \* \* The desk was festooned with climbing ferns, and the brackets on the choir gallery with the same, as also was the front of the pall, to which was attached sprigs of autumn leaves.

The double pew of the family was trimmed with smilax and climbing ferns, and contained many floral offerings

from friends, among which was a cushion of English ivy, and a standing wreath of English ivy, with base of exotic ferns. There were also crescents, wreaths, and baskets of flowers. These were contributed by friends.

The relatives and immediate friends of the family repaired to the house at 12:30 o'clock, the remains having been returned from the church, and at 1 P. M. a prayer was offered by Rev. J. H. Moore, of Newark, N. Y., formerly pastor of the Universalist society in this city. The remains were again conveyed to the church a half hour later, followed by the mourners, who filled the reserved seats in the body of the church. All the other seats had been filled for a long time, and even the standing-room was occupied; and a large concourse of people remained outside of the church during the services. The audience rose when the body was borne into the church, followed by the family and immediate friends. The places of business on Main street were generally closed during the funeral, as a mark of respect to our departed fellow-citizen.

---

#### EXERCISES AT THE CHURCH.

The exercises at the church were conducted by Rev. J. H. Moore, and were opened by the singing of the following hymn, by a quartette choir composed of Mrs. Eva Barker Spaulding, Miss Vienna Johnson, Mr. D. E. Howard, Mr. A. A. Spaulding, with Mr. J. H. Morey, organist:

God will indulge the tears we weep,  
For He our hearts has smitten deep.  
A noble soul from earth has fled,  
A manly form lies cold and dead.

With anguished hearts we gather here,  
Low bending round this solemn bier ;  
A faithful father's death we mourn,  
As from our presence he is borne.

Death found him in the battle van,  
Brave striving for the good of man ;  
With armor strong and burnished bright,  
A valiant warrior midst the fight.  
He fell at duty's sacred call ;  
For truth and right he gave up all.  
Whenever man was in distress,  
He sought his troubled soul to bless.

His earthly warfare now is o'er,  
But on that other beauteous shore  
He lives in earnest work and prayer  
For those he loves with zealous care.  
Great Shepherd! take him to thy side ;  
He loved the race for which Christ died :  
And when our mortal years are told,  
Oh ! bear us to the selfsame fold.

---

### THOUGHTS FROM SCRIPTURE.

Our Father who art in heaven ! Thou hast made us, and not we ourselves. We are thy children. Without thee we are nothing. Thou hast said, In the day of trouble call upon me, and I will deliver thee. Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee.

The Lord is gracious and full of compassion. Let us go therefore confidently to him, that we may find the help we need.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Everlasting

Father pitieth them that trust in him. For he knoweth our frame: knoweth how weak we are: knoweth that we are made of the dust: knoweth that the time will come when these places shall know us no more.

All flesh waxeth old as a garment; for the law from the beginning is, that the body must die. But fear not the sentence of death; for after the labor and sorrow, the discomfort and weariness, the pain and impatient longing to be at rest, which are the usual accompaniments of old age, the kind angel of death will come—inevitably he will—and the grave will give that calm, restful sleep which the downiest bed could no longer impart.

So do not fear death. Though the body dies, the spirit lives. Only of the body is it said that it shall return to the earth. Though the outward man perish, the inward man is renewed day by day—shall live forever. The Lord shall hold my soul in being. That shall not die. When I am called out of this earthly mansion, he will receive me into the heavenly mansion.

And so, what though sickness and death do come? I will fear no evil!—no evil if God be my Father; for my Father will not leave me nor forsake me. He doeth his pleasure.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Go to, now, ye that say, To-day, or to-morrow, we will go into a certain city and continue there a year, and buy, and sell, and get gain. Whereas, ye know not what shall be on the morrow. And so ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this or that.

Precious in the sight of the Lord (and in the sight of man, too) is the death of his saints. The good are his saints. The test of our love to God is our love of man. The surest

proof of our discipleship to the Master is our manifestation of the Master's spirit. And what is that but a spirit that will prompt us to do all the good we can,—to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to shelter the houseless? Said Job, Did I not weep for him that was in trouble? Was not my soul grieved for the poor? Did I not open my doors to the traveller, and take the stranger from the street into my house? Oh! precious indeed in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints! And said I not truly that the good ARE HIS SAINTS? The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord holdeth him up. A good man, out of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth good things. A good man shall be satisfied from himself. He leaveth an inheritance to his children,—the inheritance of his good name; and a good name is better than gold. Behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace. His memory is blessed forever, even as the memory of the just.

But if a man die, shall he live again? I would not have you ignorant on this point. In Christ shall all be made alive.

There is hope of a tree if it be cut down that it will sprout again, and that the tender branches thereof will not cease. So, also, we have hope toward God, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead; for this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So, let not your heart be troubled. Cleave unto the Lord, and depart not away from him. Whatsoever is brought up-on thee, take cheerfully and patiently. For gold is tried in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of affliction. Rest in the Lord, and he will help you. His tender mercies are over you, and he will give you rest.

## OPENING REMARKS OF REV. J. H. MOORE.

It is in answer to a desire I could not disregard, that I stand here in this familiar place of bygone years, to conduct these last offices of humanity in behalf of the good man whose active career has been so suddenly brought to a close.

When the telegram came calling me to this duty, I said, How can I do it? How can I answer the expectations of my friends, when the tenderest ties of their nature have been so unexpectedly ruptured, and when they must feel so keenly their great and irreparable loss?

Do not think I did not realize the delicacy and the difficulty of so entering into the realities of your experience as to be able to adjust my words to your spiritual needs. This feeling weighed heavily upon me, and while I hesitated I said, Yes, I will go: I must go and give such expression as I can of my profound respect for the dead, and my sympathy and love for the living.

And yet, much more in harmony with my feeling and my wish would it be if I could sit by your side, and in that way express my interest in you, and my regard for the friend that has gone. It seems too much like a funeral in my own family, and words will not flow with any freedom. When we feel the most, our words are always the fewest? When our hearts are wrung with a great sorrow, we are in little mood for talking or being talked to. Still the iron rule of custom sways us; and since you have called me to lead the way in this service, in your name I would weave a simple garland of words, and lay it, as the outward though inadequate



sign of our inward thought and feeling, on these cherished remains, where you have already placed these flowery symbols of purity and love.

It is not from a meaningless superstition that we stand awed and silent, with thoughtful minds and hushed voices and tearful eyes, before the casket that holds the lifeless remains of a dear friend, a public benefactor, an honored citizen, a Christian man. His life, his interests, his hopes, were all interwoven with yours; and when these are suddenly interrupted, as now, the heart is moved as it can be by no other occurrence.

In the death of Nathaniel White, Concord loses one of its foremost citizens, various charitable institutions a generous and ready contributor, the reformatory movements of the day an inspiring and helpful promoter, this church a steady and essential element of its strength, the poor all over the city their *best friend*, the home circle, which has now been again broken, its genial, generous, tender, and loving supporter, counsellor, companion, and guide. Oh! what will you do without him? Without him? Why, you are not without him! He will not any more fill the places he has been accustomed to fill in the happy household. He will not any more walk your streets. He will not any more contribute personally to the building up of your city,—to the superintendence of those enterprises which do so much for your good name and the honor of humanity. But he is not dead! The good are not permitted to die. The only essential part of him,—his character, his broad humanity, his example of Christian charity, his genial temper, his social virtues, the superior graces of his home life, all that made him dear in that charmed circle of his household—these have not become extinct, and they never can! He has been

identified with your city for fifty years. Closely identified he has been with all the sources of your progress and prosperity. On every hand are the tokens of his enterprise and public spirit and generous foresight. Can you let him go out of your mind and out of your heart? Not if you would! When the good lay down the busy cares of life, their example and their actual works remain, giving aid and inspiration to all who knew them.

Then he has been at the head of this family for forty-four years,—thus attaining almost the golden period of domestic prosperity and happiness. Though starting in humble circumstances, yet steadily pursuing the path of the virtues, resisting the allurements that turn so many young men aside from the object of their search, his way has been honorable and prosperous. And since he could not remain with you any longer, he has bequeathed to you the results of his life-work: and, what is better than all, or what will help to sanctify them all, the sacredness of his good name and his worthy Christian example.

And it is gratifying to know that the causes in which our brother was most interested, the charitable and reformatory enterprises which occupied so large a place in his heart, have fallen into the hands, or have been more fully committed to the hands, of those members of his family who have all along sympathized with him and labored with him most heartily, and who will only delight to carry out, as far as they may be able, whatever plans he may have initiated. Here, to his family, is a source of the holiest satisfaction, in the memory of the tender relations and affectionate sympathies by which they were bound together in all their family interests and in all their efforts in behalf of humanity.

Why is this house so thronged with people to-day? Is it

an idle curiosity that prompts you to gather here? Is death so rare an occurrence in your midst, that when it does come you are ready to dismiss the duties of the hour that you may gaze listlessly on its ravages? No! death is not a rare occurrence that it should awaken your curiosity. But in this instance it has come to your friend,—to one who has occupied a large place in many hearts,—a friend of good order in society, and whose influence was always exerted in any direction that would lead to ways of temperance and sobriety; a friend of religion and the life that religion enjoins; a friend of the friendless; a wonderfully energetic man in any direction where his faith and duty pointed. With rare executive ability he combined a determined will that would scarcely let him know what failure meant.

But why do I take your time to speak thus of one whom you all know and have known for a lifetime? Certainly not because he needs any eulogy at my hands, but simply because we love to dwell on the virtues of our friends when they are taken from our sight. There is no more we can do for them; and so for our own comfort we would rehearse some of those traits of character that made him dear to us, that in that way, too, we may be prompted to emulate them.

It is twenty-five years since I first came to know Nathaniel White. My acquaintance commenced (though I had known something of him before) when I was summoned here, almost as unexpectedly as the telegram called me here to-day,—summoned because my father had fallen dead in the street near by. Mr. White's ready sympathy and constant kindness touched my heart. He had not many words, for his heart was too full for utterance; but as he took me by the hand he said, "A good man has gone, but God will

take care of him.” And he said it with such an evident and sincere sorrow, that somehow I was drawn to him more than to any of the flippant talkers who thought they must try to comfort me. And, as I look back through these twenty-five years, I recall those simple words, and that warm expression of sympathy, while the words of a stately sermon at his funeral, though they were probably all true, have passed from my memory; and for no allusion to my father, as his old friends speak of him, am I so grateful as for that simple expression, “A good man has gone.” This does not remove all my sorrow that he was stricken down in the midst of his usefulness, but it does help to sanctify that sorrow. And so I feel that one of the best things we can say of our friend is, that “a good man is gone,” and that God and all good angels will watch over him.

But during my seven years’ acquaintance and intercourse with Mr. White, from 1855 to 1862, I learned to love him, not only for his good and generous heart, but to esteem him most highly for his thoroughly religious nature; for his simple, childlike frankness; for his utter abhorrence of all cant and religious bigotry; for his active, consistent faith in the practical elements of Christianity; for his unreserved acceptance of the doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; and so, as a necessary consequence, of his interest in human freedom and the rights of man,—not of one half the race only—not of the white portion of the race only—but the rights of all men and all women, the wide world over. He was a foreordained Abolitionist. There were no compromises in his stalwart nature.

It was at this period, too, that the question of temperance agitated the people of the state, entering into the politics of the parties and the religion of the churches. On

which side of the question our friend arrayed himself I need not tell you. He has been on the same side from his boyhood.

At this period, also, there came an era of progress in the theological atmosphere. And here, too, our friend was in the van, accepting such Christian truths as were in harmony with his great warm heart, and making no pretensions to a belief in anything, however hoary with age, which did not comport with his conscientious convictions. Narrow-minded theologians may sometimes have questioned the soundness of his faith; but if, in Christ's day, those who fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited the sick, and comforted the sorrowing, heard the glad welcome, "Come, ye blessed of my Father," I think we need not be greatly troubled about the soundness of our brother's creed.

"The Master praises!—What are men?"

Bear in mind, too, that this period to which I have adverted was a period when the country was agitated to its centre by these leading questions of reform, when to take the side of the minority required sincere convictions, a stout, brave heart, to avow them and stand by them. But just this is what our friend did, at whatever cost. Good men found in him an ally to be proud of. Oppressed men found in him a ready hand to relieve. The fleeing fugitive found at his house an open door, when the open door, to a man fleeing from bondage, was accounted a crime. Poor men found, in his storehouse, food for their hunger, fuel for their hearth, and clothing for their nakedness. And, finally, the church and the minister found in him words of encouragement, ammunition for the battle, and a right arm of power in every hour of weakness.

You see why I revered the brave, good man, and why in

my inmost heart I now say, Peace to his ashes, and a heaven full of happiness in the new home whither he has gone.

We say, as we think of the lifeless form of the still sleeper, that he has gone to the spirit-realm. But that is not a far-away realm, unless we put it far away by our forgetfulness and indifference. It lies all about us, if our hearts are in harmony with the purity of its atmosphere. The poet sings of it in this way (and I believe she sings by inspiration, too): Heaven?

“It lies around us like a cloud—  
A world we do not see;  
Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
May bring us there to be.”

And what a blessed help it would be to us if we could only realize that it is so! How it would help us to bear our burdens! What a new and ever present element it would add to the sacredness of life! How it would prompt us so to live, that no thought or deed of ours should cast a shadow over the happy dwellers above! Cherish, then, my friends, this happy thought of immortality. Put your faith and your memory to this blessed work. Let all the essential qualities of the departed, which made him so dear to you, be enshrined in your hearts. Remember with gratitude the past. In gratitude accept the blessings of the present. Look to God for guidance and inspiration. Strive still to do your duty, and life shall have untold blessings for you all.

The choir then sang the hymn,—

Let me go where all are going,  
To the mansions of the blest:  
Let me go where my Redeemer  
Has prepared his people's rest.

I would gain the realms of brightness,  
Where they dwell forevermore;  
I would join the friends that wait me  
Over on the other shore.

Let me go where none are weary,  
Where is raised no note of woe:  
Let me go and bathe my spirit  
In the rapture angels know.  
Let me go, for bliss eternal  
Lures my soul away, away,  
And the victor's song triumphant  
Thrills my heart;—I cannot stay!

Let me go—'tis Jesus calls me;  
Let me gain the realms of day:  
Bear me over, angel pinions!  
Longs my soul to be away.

---

#### REMARKS OF LUCY STONE.

A sense of grief and pain and loss is inseparable from an occasion like this. But here, every pang is made less by the memories which this dear saint leaves. His life has been one long record of noble living.

As a young man, he accepted the hard conditions which awaited him. With manly courage he grappled with and conquered difficulties, such as many another man has gone down under. He knew no such word as "fail." He believed in himself. When he undertook great enterprises, he managed them so honorably and so honestly that the very fact of his connection with them gave the public faith

in the enterprises, and absolute trust in their management. How great and how good a thing it is to have lived such a life! How doubly blessed it is for those who survive, to have always the sunshine of such memories as this life gives!

But it was not only as a wise and honorable business man that the departed will be kindly remembered. He was the friend of every good cause. He had always a hand and a heart for the slave. He was an anchor to the temperance cause. He stood by the small beginning of the woman suffrage movement. To the last he was its steadfast friend, aiding and cheering by his counsel, and not sparing substantial help, also. He was the champion of free thought in religion;—and here, as elsewhere, he had always the courage of his opinions. To his family, who knew him in the intimacy of the home in a thousand ways which those outside could not see, how rich is the inheritance of the knowledge and the memory of the precious life he lived!

These floral tributes, with their appropriate mottoes, lovingly contributed, and this crowded audience, attest the respect and the hold on the heart this great-souled man had. If it is true that the old live in their memories, what stores of happiness he must have had, as he looked back over the years which he had set thick with generous deeds. He had given aid and comfort to the needy. He had upheld true principles. He had everywhere maintained an upright character. He had wronged no man, woman, or child. Those with whom he came in contact were always the better for him.

The young, who live in their hopes, can see in this example how right-doing is its own exceeding great reward. The sunshine of a peaceful old age settles serenely only on those



whose memories are not haunted by unworthy deeds. The best legacy of this life, left for us all, is its high and fine example.

In this case how true is the text, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." His body will be carried with reverent tenderness to its final resting-place. The crowd of daily care and the rush of business will still engross us who survive, and the flight of time will soon carry us whither he has gone. But there will remain with us, to the last, something ennobling and divine, gathered from the lips that are now silent, and from this life that is ended here. It behooves us to follow his example.

The following song was rendered by Mrs. Spaulding :

Why do we mourn? They are not lost!  
Beyond the river they have crossed  
Lie worlds sublime;  
And on that bright celestial shore  
Our loved ones wait the coming o'er  
Of those who have not passed the tide,  
But linger on the other side  
A little time.

What though no sound our ears can reach!  
There is a spiritual speech  
Comes from that shore:  
It bids us hope and toil in faith;  
And to the doubting soul it saith,—  
Soon shall ye reach the heavenly plain,  
There see your loved and lost again,  
But lost no more!

## REMARKS BY MRS. LIVERMORE.

Many years ago it was my privilege to stand at the death-bed of a very noble man, Rev. Dr. Skinner, formerly of Boston, who died suddenly in the West. He walked down the valley of shadows with the tread of a conqueror, and, bowing his head, passed through the low gateway we call death, into "that other chamber of the King's, larger than this and lovelier." As earth was receding from his vision, and as the forms and faces of another world were being outlined around him, he raised his hand and said, with solemn impressiveness, "Dear friends, believe me, there is no death!"

While I have been sitting here this afternoon, with the body of our beloved friend before us, "wrapped in the dreamless sleep that knows no waking," I have recalled this incident, and have found myself refusing to assent to the general statement that he is dead. The good, true, generous man whom we all loved, has indeed escaped from the body which he so long inhabited; but he still lives. He is translated to some higher plane of life; he is promoted to the holding of grander and more important trusts; he is summoned to the discharge of larger and nobler duties. And were the blessed gain which has come to him from the transition knowable to our mortal faculties, I am persuaded that, in the midst of our sorrow, we should, if we possessed the power, send to him our glad "All hail, my brother!" For ourselves there must be tears, because of our loss; for him, discharged from the battle of life which he has fought so nobly, there can be only congratulations. And, since

our common lot is now halved, let us rejoice that to him has been given the grander and the nobler half. We can bear our own grief when we know that all is well with our beloved.

When was there ever a soldier in the battle of life, who warred a better warfare than did our brother? Beginning low in the ranks, and making his way to a position of honor, no stain was ever found on his escutcheon. There was no taint of evil in his long and active life. Its record is darkened by no betrayal of trust, no wronging of the widow or orphan, no over-reaching of the weak or ignorant. In the wealth which he accumulated there cannot be found one dirty dollar.

I have no doubt that our friend had faults, for he was human; that he made mistakes, for he was mortal; that, like other men, he had imperfections and defects of character, as he had limitations, for he was earth-born. But, as my memory runs over an intimate acquaintance with him of many years, I confess that I am unable to put my finger on one act of his life which I have thought wrong; on one utterance of his which I have felt to be harsh, unkind, or uncharitable. And yet he was a man of positive convictions, unyielding in his demand for the right,—as incapable of being turned from his purpose as is the sun in yonder heaven of being turned from its journeying towards the west.

Nor must his excellences be summed up in negations. For when has any man left us at the bidding of death, whose life has been more fruitful in good deeds; more radiant in purity; more overflowing with that good-will and tenderness which we call Christ-like? When, until to-day, has he ever caused any one to weep? When, until to-day, has grief ever entered his presence and been comforted? When did he

ever behold poverty,—hungry and naked,—and leave it unfed and unclothed? When did sin seek him, bewailing its moral weakness and obliquity of aim, and not receive strength and courage from contact with his almost unerring goodness?

Weakness took shelter in his presence. Oppression dropped the fetters it was forging, at his bidding. Every good cause that concerned itself with the redeeming or uplifting of humanity he made his, and gave to it untiring and generous hospitality. Like the great Master, of whose life his was an exponent, “he went about doing good.”

Into this city he put much of himself, much of his genuine, sturdy manhood. He early identified himself with its interests, ever seeking to promote them. He helped to build and foster its institutions, and to increase its prosperity. Whatever of evil in it was abated, whatever helped to humanize and beautify it, he rejoiced in. And, as he saw its natural beauty of situation increased by wealth and art, he gave utterance to his pardonable pride in the language of the Apostle,—“I am a citizen of no mean city.”

Indeed, as I recall how this good man’s life was one of helpfulness in all directions; how he rejoiced in the wealth that flowed in upon him, because it increased his power of beneficence; how he grew to be a human magnet, attracting to himself all who were troubled, despairing, needy, or unable, I find myself wondering what congenial employment God can find for this helpful spirit, in that “better country” whither he has gone, if, as we are taught, there is among its inhabitants “neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain.”

What our friend was in his home none of us can portray. A husband, who carried into the relation of marriage a fine,

practical sense of the equality of the wife with the husband, which he never for an instant forgot, he remained a true and tender lover even after time had silvered his hair and enfeebled his frame. His devotion to his wife was manifested on all occasions. I never passed through this city without springing from the cars, as they reached the depot, and looking for his genial face; and, after receiving his cordial welcome, the invariable inquiry followed, "Won't you go to the house and see my wife?" A father, abounding in love, and patience, and blessing, his happiness was commensurate with the well-being and the well-doing of his children, to whom he has left a legacy of incomputable value, in his untarnished name. Never again can the household recover the light it has lost! Never can the emptiness made by his departure be filled. In his home in this city, among his friends, there will remain a vacancy.

And yet, I return to my first utterance. I cling to it. I refuse to believe that our friend and brother is dead. It were a libel on Deity to admit that one into whom had entered so much of Himself could become extinct. His earthly life is indeed ended. He has received his discharge from the battle of life, and is promoted beyond our narrow vision. Some of the old Northern races believed that their heroes, falling on the field of battle, continued the warfare high above the field of conflict, invisible to mortal eyes, but helping their living comrades to win the earthly victory. So must we believe, as the good and true leave us, that they become the wiser guides, the tenderer friends, the mightier helpers, still working with us, and in us, and through us.

In this sad moment of bereavement, we thank God that our friend has lived; that his life has been so unsullied, so good, so humane, so generous, so true to God and man.

We thank God, also, that the manner of his death was what he desired,— swift, painless,—an instantaneous translation.

Not slowly, down the steep of life,  
With weary, feeble, faltering tread;  
Not slowly, chilled by torpid age,  
Made he the journey of the dead.

But to the threshold of his home  
An angel came, at break of day:  
“The Lord hath need of thee!” he said,  
And ope’d the gate of heaven straightway.

Prone in the arms of death he fell—  
This we beheld, and nothing more:  
O Faith! anoint our eyes to see  
The angels that his soul upbore!

O Eyes that weep! O Hearts that ache!  
Forbear your pain; forego your tears!  
Between his dwelling-place and you  
Is but a mere hand’s breadth of years!

The choir sang,—

Passing away!  
’Tis told by the dew-drops that sparkle at morn,  
And when the noon cometh are gone—ever gone;  
They all in their diamond-like glittering say,  
Man’s life, like our radiance, is passing away—  
Away—away—passing away.

Passing away!  
’Tis written on flowers that bloom at our side,  
Then wither away in their glory and pride.  
Though speechless, they warn us each hour of the day,  
Man’s life like our bloom is fast passing away—  
Away—away—passing away.

Passing away!

'Tis sighed by the leaves when the chill autumn breeze  
Tears rudely their hold from the wind-shaken trees.  
They whisper alike to the youthful and gay,  
Man's life like the autumn leaf passeth away—  
Away—away—passeth away.

Passing away!

The dear ones we loved in our youth's happy morn,  
Now gone to that bourne whence none may return.  
Speak gently unto us—oh! list while ye may;  
Man's short life is passing, is passing away—  
Away—away—passing away.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Moore.

Response by choir as follows:

Only waiting till the dawning  
Is a little brighter grown,  
Only waiting till the shadows  
Of the world's dark night are flown:  
Till the shadows all are faded  
From the earth, once full of day;  
Till the morn again is breaking  
Through the twilight, soft and gray.

Only waiting till the angels  
Open wide the mystic gate,  
At whose portals I have lingered,  
Weary, poor, and desolate.  
Even now I hear their footsteps  
And their voices far away:  
If they call me, I am waiting—  
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the dawning  
Is a little brighter grown;  
Only waiting till the shadows  
Of the world's dark night are flown.

I have watched through tears and darkness  
 For the blessed light to rise;  
 Wait I now the sweet voiced summons,  
 As its glory fills the skies.

Benediction by Rev. Mr. Moore.

The funeral cortege left the church at half past three o'clock, and proceeded to Mr. White's family lot in Blossom Hill cemetery, in the following order:

PALL-BEARERS.

Charles H. Norton,	Moses Humphrey,
A. C. Pierce,	N. B. Walker.

BEARERS.

Josiah Minot,	John H. George,
B. F. Caldwell,	Stillman Humphrey,
John Kimball,	Benjamin A. Kimball.

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

Carriage with the committee of arrangements.  
 Hearse.

Family, relatives, and friends of the deceased.

Members and attachés of the United States & Canada  
 Express Company.

Employés and servants of the deceased, from the Clinton  
 street and School street residences.

Prominent railroad men, bankers, and other distinguished  
 friends of the deceased.

The ushers at the church were Edward H. Carter, John  
 W. Storrs, Arthur Shepard, and Harry H. Dudley.

John M. Hill superintended the funeral, assisted by Will-  
 iam W. Taylor and James N. Lauder.



## COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES

AT THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, ON THE FOLLOWING SABBATH.

The morning service at the Universalist church was largely attended and deeply interesting. Rev. J. H. Moore, of Newark, N. Y., a former pastor, occupied the pulpit, and preached an eloquent discourse. Mrs. Hicks presided at the organ, and Mr. Quimby led the singing. The pews of the late Nathaniel White were occupied by relatives from abroad. The services opened with an organ voluntary, then a hymn was sung, at the conclusion of which the preacher arose and spoke as follows :

It is with an oppressed feeling of sorrow that I come to this pulpit this morning. Reminiscences of bygone years come thronging into my mind. Many of these are too sacred to be much talked about in a public way. They relate to experiences which only the hearts bereaved know how to appreciate. Others relate to the great questions of religion and humanity,—to those institutions and measures through which the interests of religion and humanity are to be advanced.

With these the brother who has occupied so much of our thoughts the past week, and whose passing through the golden gate has left so many places vacant and so many hearts sad, is most intimately associated. His irreparable loss to his family and to this whole community, and to many charitable and humane enterprises, has been so fully commented on, that it is not befitting (however much we may be prone to dwell on these things) that I enlarge upon them here.

But as we are gathered in this religious capacity, it is proper that I should make allusion to our friend's connection with this society, as one of its oldest and most devoted members, as well as one of its largest-hearted and most generous supporters. When I think how much he has contributed by his Christian virtues to its honor, and by his ever open-handed generosity to its very life, in many a crisis hour, I should be concerned for its future but for the earnest friends hitherto associated with him, and the interest which I know his devoted companion still cherishes in its behalf.

It is a somewhat singular circumstance, and, I cannot help feeling, a circumstance somehow prophetic of good to you as a society, that almost the last words of our friend, not more than thirty minutes before he breathed his last, when, after some conversation with his wife in reference to something that needed to be attended to in connection with a temperance organization with which they were connected, were in reference to the needs of your society, and they talked of certain measures which seemed to them the best calculated to minister to its interests, and proposed to attend the meeting the next day to assist in perfecting such arrangements as might be thought proper.

So you see almost his last thoughts were with you. If his failing health and absence from the city had prevented him from filling as aforetime his place in the accustomed worship in this house, his heart was with you nevertheless; and although you will henceforth be deprived of his personal presence and counsel, you may still be inspired by the memory of his Christian virtues, of his generous interest in every good and worthy enterprise, of his untiring perseverance; and may you be so prompted to do all in your power, through

an emulation of his unfailing faith in the triumph of all that is true and noble, as to make good, so far as you may be able, the great loss with which you have met.

These introductory remarks were impressively delivered, and many in the congregation were visibly affected thereby. Next came a scripture lesson, followed by an earnest prayer, in which appropriate allusion was made to the demise of Mr. White, then another hymn, then the sermon. The topic was, "Has Nature anything to say confirmatory of the Christian theory of another life?" an abstract of which follows :

The text was from Job XII : 8 : "Speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee." No subject, said the preacher at the outset, is of more important interest than that of a future life. The little child, the young maiden, the young man, persons of mature years, and those who have filled out the measure of earthly life, are one after another (for death has indeed all seasons for his own) called away to that "undiscovered country" toward which we are all journeying. When they pass from our gaze, do they pass into the regions of annihilation? When the spirit takes its leave of the body which it has inhabited for five, or twenty, or seventy years, does its light go out and cease to be? Both revealed and natural religion answer, No! Man in the earliest stages of the world had some faint idea of another life. Some glimmer of immortality found its way into his soul. The ancient philosophers believed it, and all religionists make it a prominent thought in their belief. Christianity gives it especial prominence. Jesus taught another existence, and by his own life and teachings gave us an insight into the nature of that life. His chief apostle tells us that "all who bear the

image of the earthly shall in due time come to bear the image of the heavenly ;" that "all who die shall," in due time and in their own order, and according to their development in Christian excellence, "be made alive in Christ," i. e., alive spiritually.

The preacher then took up some of the evidences of immortality which Nature furnishes. First, the desire of life, which is well-nigh universal. This is inborn, instinctive. Having created this desire, will God disappoint it? What natural longing of our being is there that fails of means of gratification? We desire knowledge; and in every period of the world Nature unfolds to man the vast and complicated volume of her works, thus leading to the secret recesses where her jewels of truth are hidden. The world is fitted to man and man to the world. If it were not so—if when man sought for knowledge he met nothing but mystery and darkness; if when he sought for food it turned to ashes in his mouth—we might think that even the strongest desire of his nature, that of immortality, would remain unanswered. But with every other want of our nature provided for, we must believe that this, the greatest of all, will be answered also. If the grave means the end, then man is not fitted for the state in which he is placed.

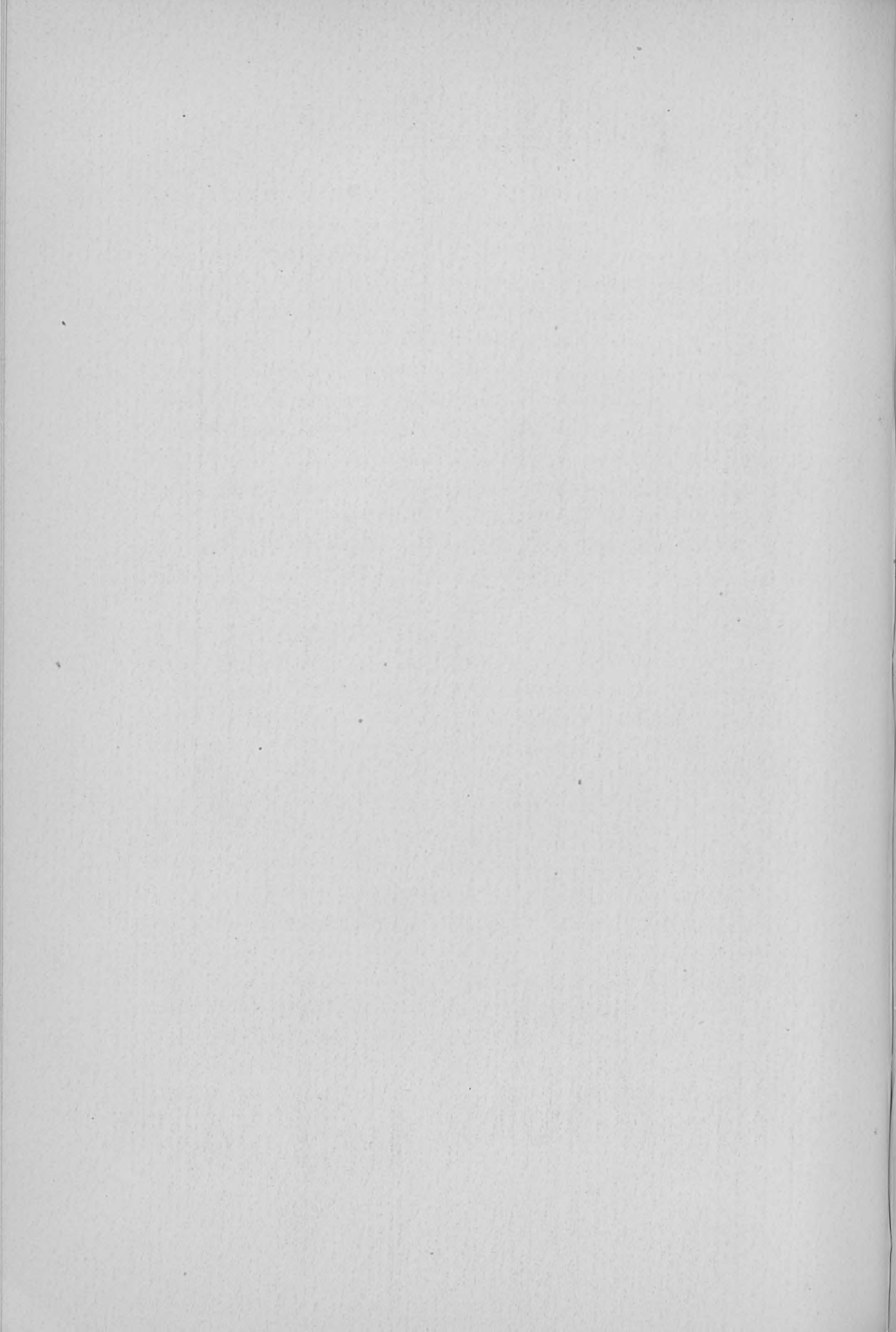
Again: Nature intimates our immortality by having rendered it so almost impossible for us to conceive of death,—what it is. With death all around us, and the fact before us that we too must pass away, yet it is one of the last thoughts we take home with a living conviction. We can conceive of scenes of life and joy; we can conceive of a time, far in the future, when the home circle will be broken;—but the fact that we, too, are to pass on, though we know it to be a fact, is among those things of which we

very seldom form anything like a vivid conception. Are we, then, blind by nature to this greatest truth of our being? Are we so constituted that we cannot form any conception of that which, if true, is the most wonderful of all truths? No! It is because we do not die that we cannot any better conceive of what death is: we never die. Nothing dies absolutely. We pass from one scene of life to another. "There is no death: what seems so is transition," sings the poet, and the whole order of nature confirms his statement. But the familiar voice is gone, the inexpressible charm of presence is taken away; yet we should remember that the love which gave to that voice and that presence all their blessed value is not annihilated: that lives, and will live forever. The spiritual element shall survive all changes. From the decay of the body we have no right to infer the death of the spirit. That may exist independent of the body.

The psychological and spiritual developments of the present age are abundant in confirmation of this fact. It is beyond the bounds of knowledge yet acquired, that a person who has once lived has ever died. As confirmatory of his position, the preacher cited the effect of bodily disease upon the mind, as shown in the various phases of insanity. If a musician fails to produce harmony on the organ or piano, he knows that the instrument is out of tune. From the cases of derangement of the mind we are not to infer the destruction of the mind, even as in the case of the death of the body we are not to infer the death of the spirit. In both cases the trouble is not with the mind, the soul, but with the body. The case of Laura Bridgman was cited to show that the senses of hearing and sight were not essential to a consciousness of harmony and

light in the world. So the fact that you no longer see your departed friends is no proof that they do not live. We never saw them here. That cherished form and that beautiful face,—they were indebted to a living spirit within for all that made them angelic, and that spirit was unseen!

Finally: In the progressive nature of man we find another proof of the continued life of the soul. This was illustrated by a reference to an immense wheel which furnishes the means to run a linen mill in Massachusetts. The wheel was made to meet the necessities of the machinery it was designed to propel. So man's capacities prophesy of a future life. The heart is never filled with loving. The mind is never satisfied with knowing. But it meets with barriers on all sides. Its longings grow with growing knowledge. Did God make a mistake in endowing man so generously with faculties, which must be useless because of want of opportunity for use? If he is not immortal, he is an enigma. The thought that occurs to me, said the preacher, is, that if death is the end of our being, then we can see no wisdom in the Creator. He has constructed a piece of mechanism of wonderful capacities, but has failed to provide it with the means by which they may be adequately developed. There is no other such failure in nature. But this life is not all. There is a life beyond this solid earth which time cannot exhaust. And shall we not endeavor to live under this conviction? Then shall we find peace in every hour of bereavement. Then shall we know that "it is well" with the dear ones who have gone on before, and look confidently forward to the time when we shall join them in the Home of the Spirit.



## RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

---

At a joint meeting of the directors of the National State Capital Bank, and of the Trustees of the Loan and Trust Savings Bank, held at their banking house, in Concord, on Tuesday, the 12th day of October, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, In the recent death of Nathaniel White, of this city, our National Bank loses a tried and honored Director, and our Savings Bank one of its original grantees, who was long one of its Trustees, and ever its friend and patron ; therefore,

*Resolved*, That we deeply deplore the sad event which so suddenly deprived both our Banks of so reliable a friend and so faithful an officer, and our city and the public of so valuable a citizen and so just a man.

*Resolved*, That we tender to the widow and family of our departed friend our warmest sympathies, in this time of their great bereavement and sorrow.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of our Banks, and that a copy of the same be furnished to the family of the deceased.

At a special meeting of the directors of the Concord Gas-Light Company, held October 23d, 1880, Mr. John M. Hill, Treasurer, was directed to prepare resolutions commemorative of the late Nathaniel White, President and Director,



which resolutions were subsequently reported and unanimously adopted,—viz. :

*Resolved*, That we receive with profound sorrow the intelligence of the sudden death of Nathaniel White, who, for a period of more than twenty-four years, has filled the position of President of this corporation.

*Resolved*, That in the loss of our genial and highly esteemed associate, we, in common with the people of Concord, lament one who was always active and indefatigable in promoting the varied interests of this city, and who brought, in aid of their advancement, great personal effort, no less than large pecuniary expenditures and sacrifices.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk of this company be directed to communicate these proceedings to the family of the deceased, with an expression of our warm sympathy.

At a meeting of the directors of the New England & Oregon Mining Company, held October 5th, 1880, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :

*Resolved*, That it is with the deepest regret that we are called to record the sudden death of our Vice-President and Director, Nathaniel White.

*Resolved*, That in him we recognized a wise and able counsellor, and a true and benevolent friend; and that we share the great loss so keenly felt not only by those most intimately connected with him, but by his many friends and the public generally.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary be and is hereby instructed to record the above resolutions upon the records of this company, and to transmit a copy of the same to the family of the deceased.

At a meeting of the Railway Expressmen's Club, held October 4th, 1880, the following resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, In view of the loss we have sustained by the decease of our associate employer and friend, Nathaniel White, and of the still heavier loss sustained by those who were nearest and dearest to him; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That in his removal from our midst we mourn for one whose

wise counsel and many acts of kindness endeared him to us all, and whose upright and noble life we should try to emulate.

*Resolved*, That the heartfelt sympathy of this club be extended to his family in their affliction.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, as a token of our love and respect.

The New Hampshire State Convention of Universalists directed their secretary to transmit to Mrs. Nathaniel White the following resolution, passed at their annual meeting, held in Portsmouth, October, 1880 :

*Resolved*, That in the death of Hon. Nathaniel White, a most useful life is brought to a close,—a life fragrant in its benefactions, broad in its sympathies, and generous in the support of the institutions of religion and morality,—giving practical significance to the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.

After the close of the sermon at the Universalist church, Oct. 10th, the society held a special meeting, and adopted the following resolutions :

WHEREAS, In the death of Nathaniel White this society is called to part with one of its earliest friends and benefactors ; one who has remained steadfast alike in storm and in sunshine, meeting with a ready and generous hand all financial obligations not otherwise provided for, through a long series of years, and sustaining, with unselfish devotion and untiring zeal, every plan for the promotion of its social, moral, material, and spiritual growth ; and

WHEREAS, It is fitting that we place upon our records some expression of our appreciation of his high character, and his services as a member of this society ; therefore,

*Resolved*, That the death of Mr. White creates a void in this society which can never be filled. He was "its ever present friend." Not only did he respond to all calls upon his purse in its behalf with alacrity, but he gave his best efforts to promote its well-being. A constant attendant upon its worship until a physical ailment necessitated a cessation, he was also present upon all business meetings, and upon all social occasions, ready with his counsel and his example to promote the welfare of each and all of

its members, young and old alike. Nor did he lack in zeal for the precious faith it represents, and which we all so devoutly cherish, as his munificent contributions for school and missionary purposes amply testify. But better than all else, he exemplified our doctrines in his daily life. Like the Master, he went about doing good. In him the poor and the unfortunate found a friend in deed. No needy person ever knocked at his door in vain. No worthy cause found him indifferent to its welfare. For the victims of the intoxicating cup he had a keen sympathy. For wrong and oppression, and inhumanity in every form, he had an honest hatred. In all the relations of life,—husband, father, grandfather, brother, friend, citizen,—he was faithful to his convictions of duty; and the memory he has bequeathed to his children and to his friends is a precious legacy, to be cherished forevermore.

*Resolved*, That we extend to the widow and family of our departed brother and friend our warmest sympathies in their great bereavement; and, while sharing in a measure their grief, may we not be permitted to hope that they will find consolation, strength, and resignation in that divine faith which he loved so well, and which he did so much to build up here in Concord?

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of this society, that copies be furnished the daily papers of this city, and that an engrossed copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

Passed at the meeting of the American Woman Suffrage Association, held in Washington, D. C., December, 1880:

WHEREAS, Since the last annual meeting of their association three eminent advocates of the claim of women for equal political rights have passed away,—Lucretia Mott, Lydia Maria Child, and Nathaniel White; therefore.

*Resolved*, That the American Woman Suffrage Association records its grateful appreciation of their invaluable services, and its sense of irreparable loss, now that the eloquent voice is silent, the ready pen dropped, and the generous hand is cold in death. In the wealth of their matured character and great achievement, they have left us the permanent inspiration of a noble example.

As this resolution was put, Mrs. Lucy Stone arose and paid a very graceful and eloquent tribute to the memory of Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Child, and Mr. Nathaniel White.

The Iowa Woman Suffrage Association passed the following resolutions :

*Resolved*, That in the death of Hon. Nathaniel White, of Concord, N. H., the women of the nation have met with an irretrievable loss ; and we most sincerely sympathize with his family, and the community where he has lived more than half a century, and where he has been an earnest and consistent advocate of Anti-Slavery, Temperance, and Equal Rights for Women.

*Resolved*, That, as a tribute of respect to our departed colaborer and his surviving widow, we request Mrs. Margaret W. Campbell to send a copy of these resolutions to Mrs. Armenia S. White.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association, the Secretary was directed to transmit to Mrs. Nathaniel White the following resolution, passed at their annual meeting, held in Boston January 28th, 1881 :

*Resolved*, That in the death of Lydia Maria Child, of Lucretia Mott, and of Nathaniel White, the cause of Woman Suffrage has sustained heavy and grievous loss ; and that the memory of these saints of progress and reform deserves to be cherished, and handed down by us to our children for lasting and grateful remembrance.

The Executive Committee of the N. H. Woman Suffrage Association adopted the following :

WHEREAS, God in his providence has removed the Hon. Nathaniel White from our number, who was a warm and strong supporter of the New Hampshire Woman Suffrage Association ; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That said Association most sincerely herein expresses the deep sense of the profound loss it has met with in the death of this honored man,—the one who stood foremost among the sons of New Hampshire in the support of all good causes and reforms, and in the advocacy of the Woman Suffrage cause was second to no one, equalled only by his honored, noble, and devoted wife, who was his colaborer in all his life-work.

*Resolved*, That we tender to his bereaved widow and her sons and daughters our keenest sympathy, to lighten the heavy loss they have sus-

tained in the death of the dearly beloved and affectionate husband, the kind and indulgent father, the wise, honest, and sagacious business man, the generous-hearted philanthropist, the open-handed friend of the poor, and the noble Christian gentleman.

### Concord Equal Rights Association :

WHEREAS, since the last annual meeting of the Concord Equal Rights Association, death has taken from its membership one of its oldest, most influential, and most devoted members and officers ; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That in the death of Nathaniel White the cause of impartial suffrage and equal social and political rights has lost an advocate and defender who never faltered in his allegiance to the truth, nor hesitated to perform his duty as he understood it. One of the "Old Guard" of anti-slavery heroes, he was likewise one of the first in New Hampshire to advocate the equality of woman before the law ; and no effort was spared on his part to secure for her an equal voice with men in the affairs of government. He lived to see the enterprise partially crowned with success, and he died in the full belief that the consummation of the good work in which he felt so deep an interest was substantially assured.

*Resolved*, That in all the qualities that go to make true manhood—benevolence, temperance, honesty, sincerity, humanity—Mr. White stood preëminent in this community. We shall sadly miss his pleasant face and encouraging words in our Association, but the weight of the loss will fall upon the hearts of those in the home circle, and to them we extend our deepest sympathy.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of Mr. White, and that a "memorial page" be set apart in our record-book, bearing this inscription : "To the memory of Nathaniel White : foremost in every good work, he was the leading patron and best friend of the Concord Equal Rights Association."

### Resolutions of New Hampshire Woman's Christian Temperance Union :

WHEREAS, it hath pleased the Almighty to call away suddenly the Hon. Nathaniel White, of Concord, the husband of our noble sister, ex-President of our State Union ; therefore,

*Resolved*, That this convention, feeling the great loss New Hampshire has sustained in the death of a man so philanthropic and generous in his impulses, do, while we bow to the behests of Heaven, tender to our sister and her sorrowing household our heartfelt sympathy; and we do unitedly commend her and her family to the loving care and sympathy of him who has declared himself the widow's God, that leaning on him their hearts may be strengthened and comforted.

At a meeting of the New Hampshire Grand Lodge of Good Templars, held in Manchester, October 6th, 1880, the following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, it has pleased the infinite and allwise Father to remove by death our friend and helper, Hon. Nathaniel White, of Concord; therefore,

*Resolved*, That we recognize the deceased to have been a true friend of this Order, and of the cause of Temperance Reform generally, and one who has contributed most liberally of his means for every branch of temperance work; also, as one who was untiring in his personal efforts to promote the interests of our common humanity.

*Resolved*, That this Grand Lodge tender to the family of the deceased our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in their great affliction.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon our records, and also sent to the family of the deceased.

Tribute of the Concord Reform Club to the memory of Nathaniel White:

WHEREAS, in the death of Nathaniel White, the Concord Reform Club has met with an irreparable loss; therefore,

*Resolved*, That it is paying but a partial tribute to his memory to say that by his decease this organization is bereft of one of its earliest, staunchest, and truest friends,—one who not only gave liberally of his means for its support, but aided by his presence at its meetings and his counsel at all times in the advancement of its interests.

*Resolved*, That as one ever faithful to the cause of temperance, and to all movements looking to the weal of humanity, we deeply lament his depart-

ure from earth, and point to his example as one worthy of imitation by all who desire to become benefactors of their kind, and to leave a memory behind them, when life's course is finished, more precious than worldly stores or political honors.

*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with the afflicted family of our late benefactor, and commend them for consolation in their great bereavement to Him who doeth all things well, and whose chastisements are meant in mercy.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, as a token of our respect and veneration for the character and daily life of a good man gone to his rest.

The following testimonial was unanimously adopted by the West Concord Reform Club, October 24th, 1880:

Since it hath pleased Almighty God, in his wise Providence, to remove, by death, Hon. Nathaniel White, an early and stanch friend of the West Concord Reform Club, the members of the club desire to express their sense of obligation to him, their appreciation of his character, their sincere sorrow in view of his decease, and their sympathy with each member of the family circle invaded by death.

We are glad to record the fact that it was largely through his personal efforts that this Club came into existence, and was nourished into strength and usefulness.

While we would unite with other organizations and individuals in recognizing his generous public spirit and amiable disposition, it is especially fitting that we should recall his unswerving interest in the Temperance Reform, and his faithful support of all measures designed to secure this end.

As a club, we therefore desire to give public expression to sentiments of esteem for his memory; and we would pray that the mantle of his devotion might fall upon us.

Extract from the report adopted at the annual meeting of the New Hampshire Centennial Home for the Aged, January 18th, 1881:

Our hearts grow very tender as we record the death of our generous friend and patron, Mr. Nathaniel White, which occurred on the 2d of

October, 1880. It were an idle task for us to attempt to put into words any estimate of the goodness and benevolence of that life which so recently, with calm and painless steps, "passed within the veil which hides from us the great mysteries of the future," amid scenes he loved, and surrounded by those bound to him by the tenderest ties of affection. We all know how the entire community was shocked at the announcement of his death; how, from the oldest to the youngest, all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance felt they had lost a friend; how the poor mourned a benefactor, and the city its foremost citizen.

All this, and much more, has been eloquently told, and the tribute of honor and respect has been paid to the devoted husband, the kind father, and the good man. But it is surely for us to-day, on this anniversary of the Home he loved so well, to express our sorrow at his loss, and our grief that we shall see his face no more.

As a trustee, he was second to none in wise counsels, in generous aid, and in efficient coöperation in the management of the affairs of the Home, from its organization to almost the hour of his death. And we are placed under renewed and solemn obligations by his expressed wish to her who was nearest and dearest in the earthly journey, that we should receive, in their joint names, a gift for the support of the Home. In compliance with that wish, we have received the noble gift of \$10,000 as an enduring testimony of their regard, and also in memory of his love for the Home.

Surely if to befriend the unfortunate, to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to raise the down-trodden, constitutes pure religion and undefiled before God, his end must be peace and his reward great.





## LETTERS FROM MR. B. P. CHENEY.

---

BOSTON, Oct. 2d, '80.

MY DEAR MRS. WHITE:

I cannot express to you the surprise and pain I felt upon the receipt of John's telegram, saying that Mr. White was no more. Feeling that there must be some mistake, I asked for particulars, and found it was too true. I most sincerely and deeply sympathize with you and your children, in this your great affliction. An inscrutable Providence has so ordered it, and we must submissively bow. If I can be of service to you in any way, I will go up Monday morning: if not, please inform me when the funeral will take place. Will you please make any suggestions you desire about flowers, and let me attend to it for you?

Sincerely yours,

B. P. CHENEY.

BOSTON, April 25th, '81.

DEAR MRS. WHITE:

Mr. White and myself were co-partners in business thirty-eight years, less three months—a period in point of time quite unusual in business relations. While we were different in our temperaments,—he naturally quiet, easy, and even, not disposed to let things trouble him,—I possessed a more nervous one, which led me to be anxious and

restless ; yet we had, I think, to an unusual degree, the same ideas of general principles that should govern men in their public career and their duty to the public, as well as in their domestic relations. Suffice it to say, that while we sometimes entertained different views upon matters and things as they presented themselves to us, quite naturally, we never, to my recollection, allowed an angry word to pass ; and now that he is gone, it is to me a comfort to look back upon. We have often dwelt upon this point, that whether we succeeded in leaving any property to our children or not, we would do our best to leave what was better, a good name. He has done so, and I prayerfully beg that his children will properly appreciate and never forget it. This is the thing I most desire in my own case, and I know it was his feeling. An old proverb says, that "An honest man's the noblest work of God." This, I feel sure, all will accord to Mr. White. I shall never cease to feel an interest in the family he has left behind ; and, notwithstanding they have all arrived at their majority, from the circumstances of the case they greatly need your advice and counsel, and I pray God that you may long be spared to them, and that they may speedily lessen your burden and care.

Please accept for you *all* my heartfelt sympathy and earnest good wishes, and believe me

Affectionately your friend,

B. P. CHENEY.

## OTHER PERSONAL TRIBUTES.

---

### EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

In my great affliction and deep sorrow I have been the recipient of most tender regard and kind deeds from warm friends and sympathizing neighbors; and also have received many letters of loving sympathy and generous regard from cherished friends and acquaintances, extracts from some of which I take the liberty to publish. Being unable to respond, in person or by letter, to all these friends, for their many acts of kindness and tenderness to myself and family, I gratefully acknowledge all their thoughtful remembrances through this little volume of affectionate tributes to him who is my constant benediction, the fragrance of whose life sweet memory brings to me day by day.

A. S. WHITE.

---

“At the first Board meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Women, following the late Congress of Women, it was unanimously voted that the President should express to you the sympathy and sorrow with which its officers and members have heard of your late severe affliction. These friends feel, with me, that while the loss of your lamented husband is more than a private calamity, its

burden must yet rest most heavily upon you, who have passed with him so many years of happiness and of usefulness. They unite with me in the hope that every comforting influence may visit you in your widowhood, and that the great interests in which your late dear partner so fully sympathized may still continue to receive your attention, and to render your life as valuable to yourself as it is to others."

J. W. H.

"The paper with the sad announcement is at hand. I had been thinking much of you, and somehow felt, as I opened the paper, all the sad contents. I know what a shock so sudden a realization of your fears must have been. Alas for us, that we cannot be always prepared for the inevitable! So noble and true a man as Mr. White must make the world better worth living in, and his departure must leave it bereft. But that we have known such an one—a man without reproach, a man with true dignity of character, whose life was like a light set on a hill, yet unconscious of its shining—to have known such an one must be an inspiration to us all.

"Let us not really mourn his departure, for has he not fully earned his release from care and labor? Just such a sweet and peaceful death he deserved to die. In the midst of honor, respect, and love, in the midst of usefulness, enjoyment, and reward, he has entered upon that life where all earthly work has its full accomplishment. He need not wonder now what he has been able to do, in all that needed doing so much, for it lies before him, a shining path of light to all the joys he loved the best. But for you, that are left without his calm, ennobling presence, what is there of compensation?—a light set a little higher, a way made

manifest, a place prepared, a coming again, the closer union of earth and heaven. May all the sweet and tender ministrations of that love which has blessed you through so many years be recognized by you for your comfort and support."

L. M. W.

"I can add nothing to what my wife has said, only to give you the assurance that my heart sympathizes most fully and most tenderly with you in this great bereavement. No matter how much faith, or hope, or trust we may have; no matter how beautiful a philosophy of death we may hold; no matter how deep-seated and abiding our convictions of the spiritual presence of our beloved dead may be,—death leaves a vacancy in the external that nothing can ever fill. I cannot imagine your home without that benign, gentle, loving presence, always smiling, always happy, always serene and undisturbed. No matter what cares and anxieties might be pressing upon him, he never seemed to bring them beneath the home roof, or allow them to cast the slightest shadow over the home sphere. Shall we ever look upon his like again? I thank God that it was my privilege to know and love and reverence such a man.

"God bless and comfort you all."

F. L. H. W.

"It had never been my good fortune to meet Mr. White, but I had known him by reputation from my boyhood, for he was a friend of the slave when it required a vigorous courage to stand up and be counted on that side; he had been a patriot, and a friend to the soldier, in the dark days when the great Rebellion threatened the existence of the nation; he had been an advocate of temperance when not many voices were raised in the cause; and for long years

his name was known as that of a man who was the friend of the poor. While I regret that it did not fall to my lot to meet him, I cherish the memory of his good deeds, and honor his name as that of a noble benefactor whom I would have been glad to know. You have met with a loss which nothing on earth can repair.

“It is not for me to repeat any of those commonplaces with which attempts are so often made toward giving comfort to the sorrowing. Your faith has been tried and proven far more fully than mine. Your confidence in God, and truth, and immortality has been made manifest in the earnest efforts of your life; and you know, without words of mine, that your husband and yourself have not lived in vain, and that if anything in the wide world is true, it is that he is living now, and is in hearty sympathy with you. The things you have to be thankful for, and to live for yet, cannot be numbered, but first among them all may well be placed the sacred memory of the noble man you have loved the best; and while comforted by the thought of a life so long and true, you can also find renewed strength in the words of his funeral hymn,—

“ ‘Death found him in the battle van,  
Brave striving for the good of man;  
With armor strong and burnished bright,  
A valiant warrior midst the fight.’

“That he will be sadly missed by many—very many—outside the limits of home and kindred, will become more and more evident as the months go by. May the city for which he did so much always keep alive the spirit of enterprise and generosity which distinguished him; and may the church, in which were centred his interests and yours, be

ever worthy of the efforts which, together, you put forth in its behalf; may it grow strong, and be a working force well fitted to the great task of carrying forward, through the years to come, the blessed cause of man's reformation and happiness, which he and you sustained by your united hearts and wills, in the times that have gone by."

J. V.

"I was greatly surprised and shocked to learn from the daily journals of the death of your husband, and I was interested in reading the obituary notices, which seemed to me so kindly appropriate and so well deserved.

"He died as he must have chosen, for it was a fit and doubtless a painless ending of a well-rounded and complete life. I saw him for a moment last summer as I was passing through Concord, and I can now distinctly recall the cordial greeting he gave me, and the very pleasant impression which the brief interview left upon my mind. During my residence in Concord, and often since, I have been the object of many kindnesses from him, and I have held him from the first in the very highest esteem. Such high integrity, such interest in all things good, such generous friendship, such poise and strength of character, as he always showed, we very seldom see, and all who have ever known him must cherish his memory as a public-spirited citizen and a good and noble man."

A. W.

"By the death of your husband, this institution\* has lost one of its warmest and most earnest supporters, and an intelligent and careful adviser; the officers and inmates a good, kind friend. Personally I sincerely mourn his loss.

---

\* The Reform School.



I have known him well for more than thirty years. In our business relations I found his word like his bond, never questioned, and him a thoroughly reliable and honest man. Twenty-eight years ago I had the honor of being associated with him upon a legislative committee, and we became quite well known to each other. His words of counsel in our deliberations, though few, were weighty and to the point. His good sense and judgment governed us largely in our decisions, which were by the public generally indorsed. His firm stand upon the temperance question, at this time agitated, I shall always remember with a great deal of pleasure, and his consistent temperance principles of many years I have much admired. In all good works he has been the first and foremost. We trust our loss has been his gain, and that he is now enjoying in a better land the reward of a useful and well-spent life."

J. C. R.

"Permit me, in the great bereavement with which you have been afflicted, in the death of your lamented husband, to tender to you my sincere sympathy and condolence. Your loss is very great. It is indeed irreparable, and cannot be made good to you in this world. Your husband was worthy and excellent in every respect. He was always modest and unassuming in deportment, most generous in disposition, and, as has been truly remarked of him by another, "a friend to everybody." He was always quietly and unostentatiously doing good deeds for the relief of the poor and distressed, while he did not neglect the general duties which he owed to humanity and to society. There are few men who have gone to a better home, that have left the world more widely lamented, and whose death will be more deeply regretted. I desire to bear this testimony to his memory

because I believe it is justly due, and to testify to you my high estimation of the merit and worth of your excellent husband."

E. B.

"The sad intelligence of your dear husband's death cast a gloom upon us all. How sudden to you and the children, as well as to the outside world! And that there should be no sickness, no warning, is a mystery too deep for us to penetrate.

"His work here is finished, and God has taken him to himself and that brighter world where we know he is at rest. How you will miss the husband, and the children a father, cannot be realized by others; but be assured you have our deepest sympathy in this sad affliction.

"My husband is yet very weak, and we have not told him that his friend is gone, fearing the effect of the shock. He sees no company at all; but when Mr. White was here last week we gratified the wish that he should come in a few minutes, and now we are truly thankful that we did so."

L. K. T.

"You may be sure that I have not been unmindful of you in the wave of sorrow which has passed over you this autumn, though it may seem late in acknowledgment. But grief for a loss such as yours is to me very sacred, and I shrink from approaching it in its first bitterness. It seems as if that belonged only to family and near friends. If there is any consolation to be found, it must be to you the memory of so true and good a life as has passed to a higher sphere. Surely, to him it will be said, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' To the community about him, to the state to which he belonged, the loss is irreparable.

All good causes will suffer, and God's poor will miss a constant and tried friend.

"I shall not soon forget the kindness received from you both in my short visit last year, and I little thought that I was not again to see his genial countenance. May the widow's God, dear Mrs. White, be your comforter in these dark hours, and give you strength to bear the heavy burden."

M. H. H.

"On opening the *Woman's Journal* of this week, the first words that met my eye were "In Memoriam," and the name which followed. For a brief instant my heart stood still. It was so sudden, I could not believe it true. A friend sat beside me, and we read it together and knew it must be so. O that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly to you, to do what one sincere friend might do to help you keep your heart from breaking!

"But I know there is no lack of friends, and words are so powerless at such a time. I will not multiply them, only to distress you more; but when you can find it in your heart to send me a line, do try to tell me about it.

"Dear, kind, faithful friend! We all suffer loss with you, and all feel a deep sympathy for you. You have said to me, 'It was a blessing to have been the wife of such a man so many years.' True, it was a blessing, which you feel grateful for; and I know that he felt grateful for the noble, true wife by his side."

M. W. C.

"Our grief in the great bereavement which has come to us all, and the still greater bereavement which has come to you, seems too great to be borne. My husband, sad and desponding in his illness, is made sadder all these weeks, saying,

'*He* could do much; *he* was doing much. I can do nothing; and yet *he* was taken, and I am left.'

"But we must be reconciled. He is not dead. How beautifully he lives in all your streets, constantly going about and doing good.

"His spiritual presence is an encouragement to all such as seek to lift themselves to a higher level in every walk of life. Does he not say, Be faithful to every trust, do all the work that falls to your hands, nobly, manfully, and thus make all labor, though styled menial, honorable,—yes, grand? Does he not bid all to seek those who need help, and give them a brotherly, helping hand? Does he not say, All men of every clime are equal in the sight of God, and brothers of ours; and the most lowly have the strongest claim on our sympathy and care? But let me refrain.

"There is no end in enumerating the ways into which his soul was led by his high sense of justice and right-doing. The lesson of his life will be felt to the remotest time. His life will be felt through the ages. He will strengthen us all, even in our advanced age, to still do what is possible for the world's uplifting.

"May this great trial, as by fire, so refine and take away all dross from your soul, that your last years shall be more beautiful even than those which have gone before, and which we supposed had enough of beauty." A. K. F.

"Since the intelligence of the passing away of dear Mr. White reached us, you and your family have been constantly in mind; and be assured that you have our warmest sympathy in this great sorrow. I know how feeble are words in a time of such bereavement, yet I cannot forbear expressing my sorrow for you. As was said in one of the papers,

‘Everybody has lost a friend ; who can fill his place in the community ?’

“Little did I think, when I spent almost a week in your beautiful home, that I should never again look upon the pleasant face of the dear one who has gone : but so it is.

“You do not believe that he is dead,—and where can his spirit be so contentedly as in his own home ?—and so, as you sit in your library these beautiful evenings, he will be there also : although you cannot behold him with these mortal eyes, yet he will be with you.

“Those who have known you both longer than myself will write you words of condolence and of sympathy, but none will be more grieved at your loss.”

S. J. D. G.

“How my heart aches for you ; and my eyes are suffused with tears as spontaneously bursts from my lips, ‘God comfort, sustain, and hold that dear widowed heart close to thy own sympathizing self.’

“New Hampshire has lost one of her noblemen ; the capital, one of its pillars ; the poor, a friend ; and the mercantile men, an inspiration. Ah, yes ! and who can measure his loss to you and your children ? They will know now the meaning of *father* as never before.

“May God bless you all. All benevolent, temperance, and philanthropic ladies in New Hampshire will unite in the same prayer.”

M. W. R.

“I learned of the death of your husband with the deepest sorrow. Would it were in my power to offer some consolation to you in this great affliction ; but that, I know too well, must be left to our heavenly Father. All that I can say is, My heart aches for you.

"You have the privilege of mourning for one of God's own noblemen. His life has been a constant benediction.

"Both your faces are associated in my memory from my earliest childhood. I wish I could do something for you at this time. Your kindness to our family in trouble will never be forgotten, and, though I may never be of service to you or yours, I will try to do by others as you have done by us. You have so many blessings left, may they help to make your cup less bitter."

H. A. C.

"We are totally unable to express in words our own grief, and our sympathy with you and yours in your heavy bereavement. For him, there is nothing to regret, nothing to sorrow about; but for you, who are now left lonely, to whom all things were made dear chiefly by his presence and love, there must be deep sorrow and unutterable grief. I cannot tell you my high estimate of the rare qualities of the man; and, though I have known and seen little of him for a long time, my memory holds green and beautiful the incidents of true manliness, and tender humanities, and genuine love, which came under my knowledge during my stay among you as a minister. He has always been to me a model of patience and tirelessness in well-doing, and a remarkable example of tenacious devotion to principle, that ought to be a constant rebuke to the usual temporizing and trimming of the world. I cannot but feel that one of the strong pillars of truth and honor in that state and city has fallen. But I am sure that the memory of his noble life, lived so long in one place, must be a ceaseless influence for good, and an inspiration to more elevated purposes.

"My wife joins me in sincere sympathy and condolence, and we both beg to be accounted among the many who will

long mourn with you the death of an uncommon man, an indulgent father, a devoted husband, and a friend of humanity."

E. R. S.

"An acquaintance with your husband for nearly fifty years, and a connection with his business for more than twenty-five, I trust will be a sufficient apology for my expressing to you my deep sorrow in just learning that he has suddenly passed away from earth—'my dear old friend!'

"Will you please accept from my wife and myself our warmest sympathy for yourself and family in your great affliction?"

J. W. H.

"I cannot resist the impulse I feel to address a few lines to you in this deeply afflictive event. I would like to say something expressive of the sympathy I feel for you, but I am aware that nothing but time can assuage the grief of a sorrowing soul: yet you mourn not as those without hope. A noble man, a kind husband, an indulgent father, has gone from your sight, but not forever: we have the blessed assurance of a happy reunion and recognition in the life beyond, which is an anchor to the soul, and will carry one through a sea of trouble. It is not your loss alone: it is a loss to the city, to the state, and, finally, to the world. We that know such noble-minded, benevolent men and women, cannot part with them without sorrowing, although we believe in a spiritual world, and know to that world we all belong, and shall there exist when existence ceases here." R. S.

"I was pained and shocked when I heard the dreadful news of your husband's death. I returned home last evening, and embrace the first opportunity to assure you of my

sympathy and love for you in your great trial. We sadly missed you: it seemed as if there could be no meeting without our dear friends there.

“Words are vain. I cannot express my feelings, but my heart aches for you, and I think of you continually in your deep grief, your loneliness—God only knows how lonely. But be assured always of my prayers that you may bear up under your sorrow.”

F. L. T.

“I have become strongly attached to both your husband and yourself, for the stand you have taken in every good and noble cause, especially that of temperance. No one man has done more to build up Concord, or benefit it morally, than Mr. White. His name will long live there; and God grant that his mantle may fall on his children. How you must miss him! how we all shall miss him! But there is comfort in feeling that we shall meet our loved ones on the other shore, when the storms of life are over, bye and bye. You both have labored for the good of others,—not in vain, not for reward, but for mankind. The poor and oppressed will ever bless you. Yours were the first names mentioned in founding the Orphans’ Home. The children should know their benefactors, and become familiar with their names.

“May god bless and strengthen you in your affliction.”

A. R. M.

“We were greatly surprised and grieved to hear of your sore bereavement, and I cannot repress the impulse to send you our warm and loving sympathy. It is a sad satisfaction to know the particulars of your dear husband’s ‘passing away,’ and that he was spared the suffering of a long and painful illness.



"Our remembrances of your good and respected husband are so fresh and personal, and the enjoyment of our very pleasant little visit at your country home is so recent, that we feel, with many others, the loss of a valued friend. We know something of the preciousness of the tie that bound you and your husband, and what a harmonious and consecrated life yours has been,—so full of usefulness and care for others; but none can realize, who have not experienced it, what it is to have taken right out of the centre of your being the one who was its life and inspiration, and for whom all service was delight.

"Dear friend, we pray that the good Father may abundantly bless you and yours."

J. C. & C. S. A.

"I know how useless words are at such a time as this, but I could not refrain from writing you a few lines to let you know that you have my heartfelt sympathy. When I read the many kind words said of your 'dear dead,' I said, The half has never been told. He was always doing good to others. And, my dear Mrs. White, I pray you may receive help to bear up, and have strength given you through this, your terrible sorrow.

"How many times since I have received the paper containing the sad news of his death have I asked the question, Why should *he* be taken, when he is needed so much by his own family and by all of his friends? No man can be missed more than he will be by all,—the rich, but most of all, the poor and needy. He was always their willing, helping friend: they never went away from him empty-handed.

"And, dear friend, may God, who has taken him from you and his dear children, give you strength to bear up under this great sorrow."

L. G. F.

"I received the very sad intelligence of the sudden death of your honored and beloved husband, with whom I had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance for many years; and that acquaintance endeared him to me as a very valued friend, whose life and character as a citizen, business man, benevolent, a lover of humanity, and a Christian, was entirely above reproach, and his example worthy to be followed by all who knew him.

"I feel that his demise was not only a great affliction to his family and relatives, but a sad loss to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance."

N. S. B.

"Your dear husband has joined the loved ones on the other shore; and I, who have been the recipient of so much sympathy from you, extend to you my heartfelt sympathy and love in this hour of your great bereavement. Would it were in my power to give to you the help and strength you gave to me, when I felt that all the waves and billows of grief had come o'er my soul. I know you are blessed as but few mortals are with noble friends, and surrounded with all the comforts of life, and for this I thank God from the depths of my heart; but I know of no circumstances that can prevent human hearts from bleeding for wounds we all must have. \* \* \* I should be exceedingly glad to meet you again in this life, but this I do not expect, but I pray it may be my happy experience beyond the veil."

A. D. C.

"At the Home\* we all mourn with you that we shall never more see the pleasant, genial face here again." S.

"The sad intelligence of your great sorrow reached me at

---

\* Home for the Aged.

M., and you have since been constantly in my thoughts. I wish to assure you of my earnest and tenderest sympathy, trusting that you will be sustained through this great trial."

H.

"My thoughts and deepest sympathy are with you this morning. May the allwise and loving Father abide with you now and forever."

M.

"I must write to you of the grief the intelligence of the passing away of him who was so kind a friend brought to our household. If we who knew him comparatively so short a time are grieved, what must be the sorrow of those who had a life-long acquaintance or friendship, and, beyond all, of those so closely united to him? One feels powerless to say aught to comfort at such a time. I cannot but feel that in tender love the summons came when you were with him. That from your hand he received the last act of earthly kindness must be a consolation. For you and your bereaved family accept our kindest love and heartfelt sympathy."

A. F. B.

"With very great though melancholy interest we have read the published accounts of your dear and highly honored husband's death and funeral; and I cannot refrain from some expression appreciative of him, and of sympathy for you.

"Remembering so well his fidelity to all the great reforms, and to the freedom of the pulpit, that it might defend, befriend, and promote them, I involuntarily exclaim, Noble man! how much this world still seems to need thee! How suitable that our dear good Brother Moore should speak of him at the funeral service! For I remember when Brother

M., being in peril for his fidelity to duty, your dear husband, with you, stood between him and personal loss. And I am sure his words were 'like apples of gold in pictures of silver'—words fitly spoken. You can hardly fail to be comforted by the assurance of great private and public appreciation of the noble soul emancipated, and of the widely prevailing sympathy for yourself."

B. F. B.

"You alone can measure your loss in the sudden death of your good and noble husband, so true a companion to you in every sense. Yet we, who knew his worth to the world, cannot help telling you how deeply we feel for you, and for all the interests to which he has ever been so faithful. Few men can leave so many behind to say, 'I have lost a friend;' fewer still leave the world of reform to such deep and wide regret.

"I can thoroughly enjoy all the press of his state can say of him, knowing as I do how well he deserved their best. New Hampshire could not afford to lose him: and how much that is to say, if we truly feel it. May the good God he served and trusted comfort you all in your sorrow."

A. C. B.

"The news of your husband's death reached us before the telegram. The shock was so sudden, as we had not heard of sickness, that we could hardly credit it. But soon the telegram came and confirmed our fears. We tender our heartfelt sympathy to you and all your family. Be assured, Mrs. White, that we all mourn with you. We shall miss him as a citizen of our state—as a philanthropist. The mantle of benevolence seldom rests upon one so noble in purpose. We shall mourn him as a good man that has

gone from us, but his monument of love still lingers. But may your loss, your children's loss, our loss, and the state's loss, be his gain, for when a good man dies the nation mourns."

W. P. & C. A. F.

"Please accept our sympathy for the loss of one held so dear. Our acquaintance had been long. Well do I remember the time when he, who was to be so favorably known in many parts of New Hampshire, came up to my mother's home to say good-bye, to go to the town that was to be his home for more than half a century. His own likeness he gave me some four years ago: I shall prize it more than ever now he is gone. His many good deeds will live on."

H. F. H.

"When I read, in the Concord paper, the death of Mr. White, although two thousand miles from you, my mind was with you at once, and my heart grieved that the family circle should be so suddenly broken and thrown into mourning. To tell you not to mourn, not to shed bitter tears of sorrow, would be out of place. He is worthy of both. I know you will be thankful for the useful life he lived, and for the noble record he left."

H. S.

"We were overwhelmed, in opening our *Monitor*, to read of the sudden death of your dear husband and our good friend. You know from your own deep experience what our hearts would say, and do you not hear the soul's language, though a thousand miles away?

"The life-work of yourself and husband was so completely harmonious, and your sympathies were so entirely one, that your lives had grown together, and cannot be separated even

though one linger here for a time. With your large nature, and quick but deep intuitions, you can never feel that he is far from you; nay, he will be with you in all your work and endeavors to accomplish whatever noble enterprise you had planned together, or great good you may continue to do, as though he were in the flesh.

“What a source of help and strength this will be to you in dark days, when you will miss him so much, and have to take up tasks alone which you both enjoyed planning and accomplishing together!

“Were it not for this soul union and soul life, independent of body and time, what could we do? and how could we bear such separations as these? and how could you go on alone to the completion of those earthly tasks in which you were so completely united?

“How many noble enterprises claimed his hearty support, and, oh! how they will miss his ever-ready hand and his liberal spirit! No one can ever measure his full value in the world, or estimate his loss in every department of life where he touched the welfare of humanity. The world was his country and humanity his brothers. The world has too few such souls; but one such tells on the progress of the age, and his life uplifts humanity more than the work of generations of those who have no great ideas or lofty work before them.

“God bless you all in your sore affliction. What human help cannot do at such a time, the great Father can more than supply in the abundance of his tender mercy. He has made us so precious to each other that he will not crush the life so vital to our future joy. Oh! he does not leave us comfortless!”

E. L. C.

"You have our most heartfelt sympathy in this deep affliction that has come to yourself and family. What a vacancy is made when a beloved husband and father is removed ! It seems like taking a tree to which the vines have closely clung for support : but the same hand that wounds can bind up the broken hearts.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. He doth not afflict willingly. The beautiful record of your husband's life, the last sad ceremonies of his burial, the beautiful floral tributes expressive of the sympathy of so many kind friends, must be a great comfort to you."

E. & P. W.

"How I long to tell you of my heartfelt sympathy ! I feel that we have met with a great loss. We looked upon your husband as a good friend, and have rejoiced that his life was spared the three-score years and ten ; and still we would have cried, Spare him yet a little longer, O Lord ! I have tried to follow you since the day dear Mr. White left us so suddenly. I know something of the loneliness—how we think it impossible to live without the dear ones ; yet the days, months, years pass, and that which seemed impossible proves possible. How, we do not know ; the fact remains, —we live, yet the dear one is not.

"May the God of the widow and the fatherless put his everlasting arms around you, and support and comfort you and your dear ones."

H. M. C.

"I deeply realize that expressions of condolence wholly fail to restore the loved and lost one, yet I cannot but hope that the heartfelt sympathy of a sincere friend will not be deemed intrusion on your grief.

"I would ease your sorrowing heart, yet I know not how.

We can only acknowledge that the affliction is God's will, and that our loss is his gain. There are many grateful hearts who will never find another Mr. White; and his perfect confidence in your worthiness and thorough life was unbounded.

"When we gather at the river, is it not a sweet consolation to think that among the loved and lost he will meet you on the other side?"

L. A. B.

"I have thought of you with deep sympathy ever since I heard of the decease of your most excellent husband. I have remembered with pleasure the opportunities I had of meeting you, in company with our mutual friend, Mrs. A. D., at the anti-slavery conventions long years ago; and I had the pleasure of taking the hand of Mr. White in the parlor of the Palace hotel, San Francisco, several times last summer. I then realized his failure, and heard that you were unequal to the journey; but I still hoped you would both be continued here in comfort many years.

"But those who fought the great moral battles of freedom are rapidly passing away, till there are already more on the other side of the dividing line than on this; and each one serves to make our going less reluctant.

"I know how alone you are,—alone as no words can describe, as only the heart which has endured can understand. I have realized more than five years of such loneliness, and therefore I can deeply sympathize with you."

C. A. J.

"What changes have come to you since we last met! I know your heart and home must be very desolate, and I also know that I am incompetent to offer consolation; yet I do assure you that we count ourselves among those who mourn the loss of your dear departed.



"The vicissitudes of this earth-life are hard to understand, and, I sometimes think, still harder to bear. Death has come to you in all its bitterness, and with an inexorable hand has torn away the one next to your own life. But I know you will not refuse to be comforted."

S. A. G.

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am for the great grief that has come into your life. I went up to C. to-day to attend the funeral services; and when you came into the church, and halted so pitifully, stricken at the sight of that vacant seat, always to be so, I felt that, if it could have been, I would willingly have taken the desolation from your heart even into my own; and since I came home to-night I can only think how your heart is aching, for I know it all as only those who have passed through it can know. Would you could have been spared this sorrow."

C. H. F.

"At such seasons as this which you are now passing through, I know that words are but empty things. But I desire simply to remind you that you have our sympathy and prayers in this your great affliction. May the grace of God, in whom you trust, comfort and sustain you and the family, and may his 'everlasting arms' be underneath you. Another of the benefactors of his race has gone from us. The whole community and thousands more feel the loss keenly, and mourn with you. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him."

H. F. W.

"I want to express to you my sincere sympathy as I think of your loneliness and sorrow, and my hearty appreciation of the integrity and benevolence of the departed. Mr. White was an exceptional man,—always so full of kindly feeling for every human being.

"That a man of his talent, success, and wealth should always be so unaffected, so true and noble, was a new phase in human nature, particularly in self-made men.

"We women preachers and lecturers, who always found a genial hospitality awaiting us under your roof, have cause to remember him most gratefully. I shall not soon forget his words of encouragement to me when I was at your house one year ago.

"He has been welcomed home with the words, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.' He has found his lost ones again, and is now in the immediate presence of God and the angels; and may you be abundantly sustained. May your children be worthy of their father and their mother, who dared ever to work for the right, even when unpopular to do so." S. M. P.

"We sympathize with you from our hearts in your great loss. Personally, I know by experience how to feel for you. Your dear husband was an excellent man. The testimony contained in the papers shows the great value of his life, and is proved by those who knew him well." G. W. Q.

"Since that event, which brought sadness to my heart as it did to thousands who knew the good man that has gone, I have wished to give you outward expression to what I inwardly felt,—my high appreciation of one whose soul was large enough to sympathize with a whole world of suffering humanity, and whose heart was generous enough to embody his sympathy in deeds of loving kindness. Great indeed is the loss, not alone to the immediate family, but to the world, when such a man leaves it. Mere words cannot do justice to a life so truly, nobly, successfully lived. There is a mon

ument to his worth in every good cause in which he was interested, in the heart of every unfortunate he helped, as in that of every one who had shared his ready hospitality, or who knew his true worth. I shall ever remember with thankfulness that I was privileged to have a personal acquaintance with him; to have felt an interest in some of the great reforms in which his sympathies were ever active. I shall ever be glad I have seen him in the heart of his home, blessed and blessing in its sweet atmosphere.

"Be assured, my dear friend, that I not only sympathize with you and your family in your great loss, but my heart lays its tribute upon the memory of his many Christ-like virtues. Wherever there is a wide field, in the spirit life, to do good, there, we may believe, is the immortal soul of Nathaniel White."

L. H.

"Accept my sympathy in the bereavement and sorrow which you are called to pass through. I know that the separation, after such a long life of walking together, must be most painful—most sad. The sundering, for a time, of the cords which have united hearts and lives for so many years, must cause the deepest grief.

"I trust that you may find comfort in him who 'doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.'"

A. E. M.

"We are pained to hear of your sudden and great bereavement. We know, by sad experience, how empty words of consolation seem at such a time, when the heart is well-nigh broken. Only God can give the needed help and consolation in these hours of anguish. Has he not promised, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with

thee' ? May his loving, sustaining presence seem very near and precious to you in this dark hour. All else may fail, but God never fails.

"Accept from mother and myself sincere and deep sympathy."

C. R. W.

"I deeply sympathize with you and your family in the death of your husband. It seems so short a time since he visited me at my own home in Chicago, when I myself was an invalid, confined to the house, and he told me he felt in such good health and spirits. The confidence which he has placed in me makes me feel very sad to think I shall see him no more. Command me at any time for information which you may desire, regarding business matters which have passed through my hands."

J. W. B.

"This morning I received the sad news of your great loss—not only your loss, but Concord's. There is no one who can fill his place. I almost dread the thought of going back to my old home, there have been so many sad changes since I left it three years ago. Next to my own dear father, there is no one whom I shall miss so much as your husband. He and father were so closely associated in many ways, and he was so glad to see me always. I never met him that I was not left with the impression that he liked me. I cannot tell you how my heart aches for you all, and how much I wish I could do something to alleviate your great trial. You and he were the first people who came to see me when I went home. I have so often thought of it.

"God grant you strength to bear up under your great burden."

M. S. B.

"How can I realize that the life-work of your good husband is ended, and that he has gone to his reward! The sad news of his death makes me wish to offer words of sympathy, and yet I feel that it would be almost a mockery of your sorrow.

"His place can never be filled. I have so often said to you, How can Mr. White ever be spared; and who will be found to work in all good causes as he has done? Such a record as his is indeed a proud heritage for his family."

A. M. H.

"I am not able to be with you to-day, but I write to assure you of my deepest sympathy. To comfort you I feel is impossible. God only can do that; and I pray he will sustain you all in your great affliction. Having had a similar grief in the sudden death of my own precious father, my heart aches for you."

M. D. A.

"There is but one feeling throughout the state, and that is, that a good man has left us; and in many a heart there will be a green spot kept for his memory, and many a sigh will be caused by the thought that never again this side of the echoless shore will they hear his cheery voice or see his genial face. I send my sincere condolence, with much love to you and your family."

M. M. R.

"I know that you are surrounded by a large circle of near and dear friends, who will do all that loving hearts can suggest to help you endure your irreparable loss; still, I wanted to tell you that I cherish you tenderly in my thoughts while I am absent from home. I hope that your faith in the immortal life of love and goodness will sustain you in

your hours of loneliness, and that you may be comforted by the spiritual nearness of the affectionate, good husband who cannot be yours any longer in the flesh. How we are going to miss him in the social circle, and in our city generally!"

B.

"Sincerely do I regret the sad bereavement which has come upon your family, whom I love and respect. I regret exceedingly that circumstances will prevent my being present to pay homage to the last sad rites of so noble a man, and one whose memory will live in the hearts of those who knew him until all have passed away."

M.

"I cannot tell you how shocked and grieved I was to hear of your very sudden and great loss, and how deeply I sympathize with you. I think there is no person in the state for whom there would have been felt by so many persons a sense of personal loss. I am well aware how idle and useless words are at such a time, but I wish to tender you and yours my sincerest sympathy in your very great loss."

S.

"I have thought many times of you and your dear husband at this season. It is cause for thanksgiving that such a man has lived among us. Your words concerning him touched me very much, and I venture to ask you to accept a little volume of sacred poetry, some pieces in which I am sure you will find soothing and comforting. Both my wife and myself feel drawn to you by the tender bond of sorrow."

C.

"I have learned the sad news that a shadow has come over your path. A benignant presence has gone out of your hos-

pitiable home, and my heart is full of sympathy for you, which, though silence may be as a benediction to those of Quaker training like ourselves, I yet feel moved to express in words, few and feeble though they may be, because I cannot but be sorry that I shall not meet your departed companion again on earth. I remember how kind and helpful in every reform, and to all reformers, he was; how he welcomed us to his—to your—home (for you were one in interest for the world's welfare); and how he did not fear to stand with the unpopular, if he was only sure he stood by the right. Such a man cannot but be mourned and missed: but his memory will be cherished, and his example will not be lost upon coming generations. His name will be among those friends of the slave, and friends of the cause of woman, which posterity will bless and honor. But all this you know to be grandly true; and yet, there is sadness in your heart because you will so greatly feel his loss. May the gospel comfort and sustain you! May you be able to look hopefully forward to the reunion in which we believe!"

P. A. H.

"I write you to say how very sorry your good husband's death made me. \* \* \* In Concord I am sure that I shall, if my own life be spared, miss your husband very, very greatly. From my first coming to Concord, ten years ago, Mr. White was always cordial, and always had a pleasant word. \* \* \* I believe Mr. White took an unfeigned satisfaction in doing kindly deeds, in making others happy, and in relieving the worthy destitute. His death is, I am sure, a public loss; and to myself (though I had not close and intimate relations with him) it comes as a personal loss. It brings to me lonesome feelings not a few. But

our lives are all in our heavenly Father's hand, and that is the best place in which they could possibly be. \* \* \*

"Mrs. N. joins me in affectionate remembrances."

W. W. N. "

"I was glad to speak a word in his memory—so grand and good a man was he. Several gentlemen came to me after the services, to assure me that what had been said was the prevailing sentiment of the whole community. Said a friend to me, 'I never knew or heard of Mr. White doing a wrong, mean, or small thing.' There are few men of whom that can be said. Oh! my dear friend, be comforted. The way is not long for you or for me. And the nearer I draw to the end, the more vital and undying becomes my conviction that death is only a circumstance in a life that is unbroken; that our beloved await us, are near us, will recognize us and greet us as soon as we are emancipated from the body. So do not mourn too deeply, if, as I believe, our friends are not far from us."

M. A. L.

"I wish I could put my arms around you, to help give you strength and comfort in the first sense of loss and loneliness. But still, few women have so much support in having so good a husband. The pleasant memory of his unselfish, generous life will be like a perfume around all your remaining days. But now you have need to gather up your strength and courage for the family's sake, and to look after the great interests he left. \* \* \* I do hope that strength and peace will come to you, who now feel so keenly that which must come to all.

"On my return, the great crowd at the station were one and all speaking of Mr. White,—of his uprightness, his pu-



rity, his business ability, and the great loss the community had sustained. What other woman has had such a treasure forty-four years?—so much to be thankful for!” L. S.

“I have thought of you very often since my return home, with so many burdens heretofore borne by your sainted husband now devolving entirely upon you. \* \* \* There is much—oh! how much—to sustain and strengthen you in the inspiration that will come to you through the noble example of the good man whose departure we all mourn. Sure I am that he will be with you still,—spiritually present; to faith and memory present, if not visibly present. He will not be banished out of your heart, nor out of your home, simply because you have laid his body tenderly away in the silent earth. Oh, no!—it seems to me that he must be more sacredly near to you and to your children than ever before. His pure, noble, generous soul will seem larger and dearer than ever before. Thank you for the memorial poems, touchingly beautiful, both characterized by a thorough, heartfelt appreciation of the good man gone; and yet not gone, as all testify by their memory of him, and by their acknowledgment of his hallowed influence while living, and by the power of that influence, which will be felt still more now that he has been withdrawn from the busy walks of life.”

J. H. M.

## PRESS NOTICES.

---

[Local Column.]

### DEATH OF NATHANIEL WHITE.

Our community was startled at an early hour this morning by the announcement that Nathaniel White had been stricken with apoplexy, at his farm residence on Clinton street, followed a few minutes later with the intelligence that he was dead. \* \* \* An examination revealed the fact that he died of angina pectoris. Soon after rising in the morning he complained of pain in his chest and stomach, and went to the dining-room about 7 o'clock, where he took a little ginger tea to relieve his distress, which seemed for a minute to do so, and he said he felt better; but it was only temporary. He was soon assisted to a lounge, and in a few minutes after 7 o'clock passed away as gently as a child drops to sleep, and without speaking. Mrs. White, and their youngest son, Benjamin, were the only members of the family present at the time of his death, he passing away before John A. and Nathaniel and Mrs. Hobbs reached the farmhouse. Miss Lizzie H. White was absent from the city.

Mr. White went to Newport on Thursday, and returned Friday forenoon, apparently as well as usual, and went out to the farm to dinner. He came to the street in the after-

noon, and had a long conversation with Charles H. Norton, in the latter's livery-stable office, and returned to the farm about 4 o'clock p. m. He retired about 9 o'clock, and slept well through the night; and Mrs. White had no intimation that he was ill until after he arose, as above stated.

Mr. White had not been in vigorous health for a long time, yet very few of his more intimate friends anticipated so sudden a termination of his life; and, indeed, to some of them he had seemed to be in better health of late. His journey to California last spring had given him a needed rest, from which he returned apparently invigorated; and during the past summer he has taken more recreation than usual, having passed much time at his summer residence on the shore of Lake Sunapee, and from which he returned recently. A few friends, however, had noticed with much solicitude that he was losing strength, and had indications of heart difficulty that was liable to terminate his life suddenly. His death has been the one theme of conversation in every circle on our streets to-day, and all feel that a good citizen has departed from us. \* \* \*

He has been an active and ardent supporter of the cause of temperance all through his life, and was an Abolitionist in the days when it cost something for a man to identify himself with the cause of the oppressed in this country. Many of our citizens will remember with pleasure how he threw his house open to commemorate President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, January 1st, 1863. His sympathies naturally led him to take sides with all reformatory movements, and he was a liberal supporter of all causes in which he became interested. He was one of the oldest members of the Universalist society, and its largest pecuniary supporter for many years. His death is a great loss to the

city, and he will be widely missed beyond his family and immediate friends. A good man has gone.

—*Daily Monitor*, Oct. 2d.

[Editorial Column.]

In the death of Nathaniel White this community sustains an irreparable loss. Large-hearted, humane, liberal, and progressive, he gave to every good work, local and general, his earnest, unstinted support. Devoted to the welfare of Concord, he employed his wealth for the enhancement of its prosperity. His public spirit extended also to the state, and he was foremost in enterprises for the development of its resources. The distressed and destitute found in him an unfailing helper. In all charitable works, public and private, he took an active interest and gave munificently. All genuine reformatory movements, looking to the upbuilding of humanity and the extirpation of wrong and error, found in him a ready sympathizer and a most willing advocate and supporter. One of the noble band of early anti-slavery advocates, his home was an asylum for the down-trodden, while he gave freely of his means for the promotion of that great cause. Perhaps in no one direction will his loss be more severely felt than by those who are engaged in the promotion of the cause of temperance. Not only did he sustain every effort put forth in its behalf with his purse, but he threw all the influence he possessed, socially and politically, into the work, and never seemed to weary in well-doing, even when others grew faint or became disheartened over the apparently slow progress made. A good man has gone to his reward, and it can be truly said that the world is better for the part he bore in it.

—*Daily Monitor*, Oct. 2d.

All that is mortal of Nathaniel White has been laid away in the grave, but his spirit walks abroad. We cannot realize his death. We miss his familiar face, and yet he seems to be with us. In a terrestrial as well as a celestial sense, such men never die. The evidences of his enterprise and generosity will stand a century to come, but he will have more lasting monuments in the hearts of the people. He was the poor man's friend,—unassuming, kind-hearted, public-spirited, and generous. As the days, weeks, months, and years roll on, we shall miss him, and the part that he took in public affairs, more and more. We cannot fill his place. His death is indeed a public calamity.

—*Daily Monitor*, Oct. 7th.

[Local Column.]

#### DEATH OF NATHANIEL WHITE.

The sad and startling intelligence was conveyed into the city at an early hour this forenoon, that Nathaniel White had suddenly died, at his farm on Clinton street.

The only members of the family present at the time of Mr. White's death were his wife and youngest son, Benjamin. \* \* \* Mr. White awoke about six o'clock this morning, and, for nearly three quarters of an hour before arising from his bed, conversed with his wife in relation to sundry matters. After getting up and while dressing he complained of feeling ill in the region of the stomach and chest; but this he attributed to flatulency, and thought it would soon pass away. Mrs. White proposed an aromatic drink, which she had been accustomed to prepare for him at such times, and went down stairs for it. Mr. White soon after followed, and drank the preparation, sitting, at the

time, in a chair in the dining-room. The drink seemed to give him the desired relief, and for several minutes he sat and talked with his wife, who occupied a chair directly opposite him. All at once he ceased talking, and Mrs. White noticed a strange expression come across his features as he looked her in the face, and his hands fell by his side. She sprang to his assistance immediately, but he neither moved nor spoke, and died without a struggle in a very few minutes afterwards, which was about fifteen minutes past seven o'clock. \* \* \* Mr. White was a man of very industrious and temperate habits, and during his life had accumulated a large property. He was noted for his extreme benevolence and kindly disposition, and was ready and willing at all times to give to those in need, and help along any worthy enterprise. He had done much in promoting the business prosperity of the city, and will be sadly missed by our merchants. He commanded the respect of all with whom he came in contact, and during his entire life has been surrounded by a large circle of warm friends. Mr. White was a staunch worker in the cause of temperance.

—*Daily Patriot*, Oct. 2d.

#### RESPECTED AND LOVED IN LIFE, AND GRANDLY HONORED IN HIS DEATH.

Heaven smiled upon the elaborate preparations that were made in this city to do honor to-day to the memory of the most prominent and esteemed citizen Concord has lost by death in a long time, and to consign his mortal remains to their last resting-place. There seemed something peculiarly appropriate in the quiet sadness of the October day, and the symbols of death in the falling leaves and the chilly

air. Long before the remains were conveyed to the church, at 11 o'clock A. M., crowds of people had gathered, anxious to view for the last time the face so well known and so often welcomed in life, and to testify their regard for his memory and grief for his loss.

—*Concord Daily Blade*, Oct. 7th.

### A LIFE NOT LOST.

The lesson of such a life as that of the late Nathaniel White, of this city, has been repeatedly brought to the attention of thinking men and growing youth of our country, but perhaps never more forcibly nor more worthily. Its effect was evidenced and emphasized in the general respect paid to his memory yesterday, when thousands of people flocked to the Universalist church to take a last look at his remains, and listen to the eloquent encomiums of his life and work; when almost the whole city closed its doors and suspended its accustomed avocations to do brief honor to his burial; and when the largest funeral cortege seen in the city since the death of Ex-President Pierce followed his body to its last resting-place. The sadness of the morning of his death renewed its sway, and men in every rank of life talked tearfully of their loss, and mentioned one by one some of the deeds of his life that had made them glad, and the qualities that had endeared him to their hearts.

Mr. White was one of an increasing class of men we call self-made, who have given to American citizenship its distinguishing attributes of progressive force, indomitable courage, and capacity for magnifying the opportunities of life. He was a conspicuous example of what these forces of character can accomplish when guided by instincts of unbending honesty and sound morality. And, better than

all, his wealth of individual resources was not bent to the narrow limits of self-aggrandizement or ambition, but went out in generous measure to the help of the poor, to public benefactions, to encouragements of enterprise and improvement, to the promotion of moral reforms, and to aid the practical realization of ideas for the better condition and increased happiness of the community. His works are at once his memorial and his legacy, and they will keep his memory green when themselves have passed out of the distinct memory of his survivors. He belonged as well to the whole community as to his own family; and the people claim his memory, as they did himself, as a valued heritage. Though we may grieve for his loss, the feelings uppermost in the minds of those who knew, admired, and loved him are not all expressed in sombre crape. The fulness and brightness of his life is matter of pride and rejoicing, and so the mourning for his death is tempered with the remembrance of his life. That indeed is not a loss, but a great gain that cannot be removed by death.

We print herewith notice of the death of Nathaniel White, of Lancaster, the grandfather of our Nathaniel White, which we copy from the *Dartmouth Gazette* of May 17, 1809. It would be difficult, in so few words, to present a more faithful outline of the virtues of the man who has occupied so much of our thoughts for the past few days; and, when we contrast the state of the times then and now, it is remarkable that the descendant reflects so fully the character of his ancestor:

## DIED.

At Lancaster, N. H., very suddenly, on the evening of the 28th April last, Nathaniel White, Esq., aged 57, very much and very sincerely lamented by his family and by the public. The poor and the afflicted lost



in him one of their best friends; the town, one of its most worthy and public-spirited inhabitants; and the school-district with which he stood connected, its most able and generous supporter. Property with him was used as it ever ought to be,—to alleviate the wants of the poor, to advance the public good, and to disseminate learning by bestowing more than his proportion in supporting public schools.

Such were his public virtues: his private virtues were not less estimable. He was the best of husbands, the kindest and most provident of fathers, the tenderest and most obliging of brothers, and the sincerest and most faithful of friends. On the whole, in whatever point of view the loss is considered, to his family, to the neighborhood, and, it might be added, to the public, it is almost irreparable.

—*Concord Blade.*

### NATHANIEL WHITE,

Who died suddenly at Concord, N. H., on Saturday, was widely known throughout New England as a heavy proprietor, for many years, of the United States and Canada Express Company. He was born in Lancaster, that state, February 7th, 1811, and was a son of Capt. Samuel White of Lancaster, and a grandson of Nathaniel White of that town, but a native of Bradford, Mass., and a lieutenant in the Revolutionary War. The subject of this sketch was early thrown upon his own resources, and at the age of 15 years he accompanied General John Wilson, who went from Lancaster to Concord to become landlord of the old Columbian hotel. The lad was employed in that public house until 21 years old, when he became a partner and driver in the old stage line from Concord to Hanover, which connection he continued for five years, and subsequently was for the same length of time associated with the stage line between Concord and Lowell. With the opening of railway communication northward from Boston via the Merrimack valley,

Mr. White became one of the original proprietors of the United States and Canada Express, and from that time until his death he was widely known in that connection. His home had been in Concord since 1826, where he was universally esteemed for his kindness and benevolence. He was one of the earliest anti-slavery advocates, and for years his hospitable house was a refuge for runaway slaves fleeing from the South to Canada. He arrived in Concord August 25th, 1826, and had just one shilling left in his pocket; but in later years wealth came to him rapidly, and he became associated with a large number of charitable and benevolent institutions, contributing very freely to their support. His property is largely represented in express, railway, and bank stocks, in real estate at Concord, and in investments in public houses and other enterprises at the White Mountains. Mr. White never sought office, but had been several times elected a representative to the legislature, and was also an officer in many railway and financial corporations. In this presidential campaign his name is first in the electors-at-large on the Republican ticket in New Hampshire.

In social life Mr. White was extremely hospitable and entertaining, and his home was well known as a place where persons in trouble and in poverty would resort, and from which they would never go away empty-handed. He was prominently identified with the temperance cause, and was also active in advocating the rights of suffrage for woman.

\* \* \* It is understood that Mr. White made a will, in which he gave into the hands of his widow the management of his entire estate; from which it may be inferred that the many important enterprises with which he was connected will continue substantially as before. The death of this gentleman produced a profound sensation at Concord,

and the intelligence of his decease will be received with deep regret by the many with whom he was associated in different states in social and business relations. His sudden departure is a great loss to his city and to New Hampshire, and he will be remembered as a remarkable instance of a poor boy, by industry, perseverance, and honorable dealing, becoming one of the wealthiest men of his state.

—*Boston Journal*, Oct. 2d.

### FUNERAL OF THE LATE NATHANIEL WHITE.

The last sad rites over the remains of this distinguished citizen occurred to-day, and the people of the city joined with many from abroad in showing the highest respect to the lamented dead. At 11 o'clock A. M. the body was taken to the Universalist church, where there was an opportunity for all who desired to take a last look of the dead; and for an hour and a quarter there was a constant tide of people passing in and out of the edifice. Among them were not only many of our most prominent citizens, but there were also many poor people, whose homes had often been made glad by the beneficence of Nathaniel White. Nearly fifty express owners and employés visited the church in a body.

—*Boston Journal*, Oct. 7th.

### OBITUARY.

#### SPECIAL TELEGRAM.

CONCORD, N. H., Oct. 2.—This community was greatly shocked this morning by the sudden death of Hon. Nathaniel White, who was widely known throughout New England as a heavy proprietor, for many years, of the United States & Canada Express Company. He was born in Lancaster in 1811,

and began active life as a stage proprietor. He was one of the earliest anti-slavery advocates, and for years his hospitable house was a refuge for runaway slaves fleeing from the South to Canada. He was prominent in charitable works at home. The property which he leaves is largely represented in express, railway, and bank stocks, in real estate at Concord, in investments in public houses and other enterprises at the White Mountains, and in real estate in Chicago.

—*Chicago Press.*

The Boston *Home Journal*, speaking of the death of Hon. Nathaniel White, of Concord, N. H., says,—“The immediate friends have the sympathy of all in the loss of the venerable Nathaniel White, of that city. \* \* \* He was a man of sterling qualities; and his match for generosity and public spirit cannot be found.”

—*Hotel World.*

Hon. Nathaniel White, who lately died in Concord, N. H., was a veteran Temperance worker. His genial face will ever bear pleasant memory and inspiration to those who have labored with him. “He rests from his labors, but his works do follow him.”

—*Morning and Day of Reform.*

#### IN MEMORIAM.

---

#### NATHANIEL WHITE.

---

Another from the heroic circle of Abolitionists who stood with William Lloyd Garrison through the dark days of the anti-slavery conflict has gone to his reward. Nathaniel White, a plain, straightforward, uncompromising friend of

liberty, equal rights, and temperance, began life in Lancaster, N. H., a poor boy. But by industry and thrift he made his way through many difficulties, and from small beginnings to a large express business, to be railroad director, real estate owner, ship owner, stockholder in many important industrial enterprises, and a manager of extensive business. His death is chronicled by the newspapers as that of the richest man in New Hampshire. But the material wealth which he accumulated by his rare business sagacity, fidelity, and common-sense, was the least of his achievements. The public spirit, integrity, simplicity, and honor which he showed throughout his manly, laborious, useful life, were worth more than money. As a husband, father, friend, and citizen, Mr. White set an example of rare fidelity. Solvency of character was his leading trait, and he did his duty so quietly and unostentatiously that people expected it as a matter of course, and hardly realized the nobility of purpose which marked his life.

A pronounced and consistent friend of temperance, Mr. White, although a stalwart Republican, threw away excellent chances of political preferment by accepting the nomination of the Prohibitionists for governor of New Hampshire. He preferred to lead a forlorn hope in politics for a principle which he regarded as of priceless value.

Mr. White was as generous as he was just, when he sought to promote a good cause. He was a firm believer in Woman Suffrage, and subscribed \$1,000 toward the establishment of the *Woman's Journal*, of which he has been from the beginning a stockholder and director. For many years he has helped sustain the New Hampshire State Society and the American Woman Suffrage Association, and has been one of its officers. Through the united efforts of

himself and his wife, Woman Suffrage conventions have been held in the principal cities, petitions have been circulated, and repeated legislative hearings have been secured. The establishment of school suffrage for women in New Hampshire has been largely due to his efforts.

For many years the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. White has been open to the friends of every struggling reform. It was the crowning felicity of his life to be united in his youth with a wife whose sympathy and coöperation have sustained and cheered him in all his plans. Those of us who have shared in the kindly and never-failing welcome of that happy home will never forget it, nor cease to love and esteem these generous and faithful friends of purity and justice.

We can only add our tribute of sympathy to his bereaved wife and children, and cherish his memory as a man who exemplified in his long and successful career the value of republican institutions.

H. B. B.

—*Woman's Journal*.

### FUNERAL OF NATHANIEL WHITE.

A very large number of citizens from New Hampshire and other states attended the funeral of Nathaniel White, on Thursday of last week, drawn there by sympathy with the bereaved family, and by sincere love and esteem for Mr. White. There was heard only one expression from men of different creeds and of different politics, and that was of the high and noble character of the deceased. \* \* \*

The funeral was held in the Universalist church, which overflowed with the great audience. The floral tributes, abundant and significant, were sent from far and near.

Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Moore, Mrs. Livermore, and Lucy Stone. Hymns for the occasion were sung. Those who survive will cherish the memory of this simple-hearted, pure, upright man. But Woman Suffrage, Temperance, and every good cause, have lost a faithful supporter and friend.

L. S.

— *Woman's Journal*.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER TO A MUTUAL  
FRIEND.

---

“The sad intelligence of the death of Mr. White reached me on Saturday evening, and, knowing what a shock it must have been to you all, I felt that I wanted to write you a word expressing my sympathy with you in this bereavement. I did not know Bro. White as you knew and loved him. I met him only once, but saw then that he was no ordinary man; that he was a man whose influence would be widely felt; a man whose impress on a community would be marked. And so his loss must be great, not only to the family and the parish, but to your beautiful city, and to a wide circle outside the limits of your city. \* \* \* I am sorry that I could not have been with you last Sunday, for I know it must have been a sad day for you all. If, however, I was absent in body, I was with you in spirit.

“In such an hour as this you must trust to that faith we cherish. It can comfort and bring relief. It lifts the curtain and lets in the light of the hope of a glorious immortality.

“You must give my sympathy to the bereaved family of our dear brother, taken from them so suddenly, and to all who stood in the different relations of life to him.

“May God sanctify the bereavement to your good, and may his richest blessing and best benediction rest upon you all.”  
S.



# THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The history of the United States is a story of growth and change. It begins with the first settlers who came to the Americas in search of a new life. These early pioneers faced many hardships, but they persevered and built a new society. Over time, the United States grew from a small colony into a powerful nation. It fought wars, both with and without, and emerged as a global leader. The story of the United States is one of resilience and innovation, a testament to the human spirit's ability to overcome adversity and build a better future.

[From the Woman's Journal.]

## NATHANIEL WHITE.

---

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

---

The angel says, "Write!" and I listen  
The message from glory to hear,  
And the echo to catch that is sounding,  
The music of that brighter sphere.  
It tells of the welcomes that met him  
When over the river he sped,  
And the knowledge that came to his spirit,  
That only the body was dead.

That the clogs and the fetters had fallen,  
As oft he had helped fetters fall,  
When the millions in slavery blessed him  
As one who had sought, above all,  
Sweet freedom to give to the captive,  
And light to the morally blind,  
And food to the hungry, and clothing,  
And comfort for body and mind.

Oh! the angels were ready to welcome  
One so fitted to join the glad throng!  
For his life has been one with the chorus  
That fills the wide arches with song.  
"He lived, for he loved!" so they, singing,  
His life-story each to each told:  
He loved God, and man, and his duty,  
Better far than position or gold.

And so, in the harmony welcome,  
They guided him o'er the bright way,  
Till he came to the house of the Father—  
Till he stood in the glory of day.  
And there to his ear came the utterance  
Which on earth was so still and so small,—  
The voice of approval and welcome  
From Him who is greater than all.

Oh! we miss him, we mourn him, but trust him  
With those who were life-crowned before;  
For we know that his welcome awaits us,  
When we, too, shall cross to that shore.  
When the "mists have all rolled in their splendor"  
From the valley, the hillside, the mount,  
We shall see him again, and shall hear him  
The wonders of glory recount.

He will tell of a love that, undying,  
Was with him in all the good way,  
Reaching back to his home and his loved ones,  
Calling them to the "regions of day."  
He will tell that the promise remaineth,—  
Earth's circles unbroken shall be,  
When "the life that is lord of death" reigneth;  
When the spirit immortal is free.

## IN MEMORY OF NATHANIEL WHITE.

---

BY MARY WHITCHER.

---

Weep not for him who hath done well,  
And spent that useful life  
Which few, if any, could excel  
Through all life's varied strife.

But mourn for those who lose his aid,  
The partner by his side,  
Who, toiling still, would still be staid  
By wisdom his, to guide.

Weep for each son and daughter there,  
The parents' hope and pride,  
And for each one breathe earnest prayer  
While ills of earth betide.

Again, for all in many a home  
Deep sympathy extend,  
Who, as in past, in time to come  
Will need this helping friend.

Not only home of man and child,  
But towns and cities have,  
Through his pure, philanthropic aid,  
Been made to stand and live.

A sad lament both far and near  
Seems echoed through our land,  
That we have lost a friend so dear,  
So strong a helping hand.

But while we mourn the good that's gone,  
Let good to us accrue,  
By doing as our friend hath done,  
And living life anew.

Shaker Village, Canterbury, N. H., Oct. 5, 1880.